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QUARRELS

OF

AUTHORS

OR,

SOME MEMOIRS FOR OUR LITERARY HISTORY,

INCLUDING

Specimens of Controversy

TO THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

The use and end of this Work I do not so much design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those that are the lovers of learning, but chiefly for a more grave and serious purpose; which is, that it will make *learned men wise in the use and administration of learning.*

Lord Bacon, of Learning.

N. 1. 54

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PREFACE.

THE QUARRELS OF AUTHORS may be considered as a Continuation of the CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS; and both, as some Memoirs for our Literary History.

Should these Volumes disappoint the hopes of those, who would consider the Quarrels of Authors as objects for their mirth or their contempt, this must not be regretted. Whenever passages of this description occur, they are not designed to wound the Literary Character, but to chasten it; by exposing the secret arts of calumny, the malignity of witty ridicule, and the evil prepossessions of unjust hatreds.

The present, like the preceding Work, includes other subjects than the one indicated by the Title, and indeed they are both subservient to a higher purpose; that of our Literary History.

It has been alledged, that in giving "Calamities of Authors," I have not balanced them by their enjoyments, and therefore my view is unphilosophical. But the truth is, both these Works form only separated portions of an extended view of "The Literary Character *."

There is a French Work, entitled "Querelles Littéraires," quoted in "Curiosities of Literature," about twenty years ago. Whether I derive the idea of the present, from the French source, I cannot tell. I could point out a passage in the great Lord BACON,

* Of which many years ago I published a puerile Essay.

which might have afforded the hint. But I am inclined to think, that what induced me to select this topic, were, the literary quarrels which JOHNSON has given between *Dryden* and *Settle*, *Dennis* and *Addison*, &c.; and Mr. WALTER SCOTT, who, amidst the fresh creations of Fancy can delve for the buried truths of research, in his narrative of the Quarrel of *Dryden* and *Luke Milbourne*.

From the French Work I could derive no aid; and my plan is my own. I fixed on a Literary Controversy to illustrate some principle, to pourtray some character, or to investigate some topic. Almost every controversy which occurred, opened new views. With the subject, the character of the Author connected itself; and with the character were associated those events of his life, which reciprocally act on each other. I have always considered

an Author as a human being, who possesses at once two sorts of lives, the intellectual and the vulgar: in his books we trace the history of his mind, and in his actions those of Human Nature. It is this combination which interests the Philosopher and the Man of Feeling; which provides the richest materials for reflection; and all those original details, which open the constituent principles of man. JOHNSON'S passion for literary history, and his great knowledge of the human heart, inspired at once the first and the finest model, in this class of Composition.

The Philosophy of Literary History was indeed the creation of BAYLE. He was the first who, by attempting a *critical dictionary*, taught us to think, and to be curious and vast in our researches. He ennobled a collection of facts, by his rea-

sonings, and exhibited them with the most miscellaneous illustrations; and thus conducting, apparently, a humble pursuit, with a higher spirit, he gave a new turn to our studies. It was felt through Europe; and many celebrated Authors studied and repeated BAYLE. This father of a numerous race has an English, as well as a French progeny.

JOHNSON wrote under many disadvantages; but, with scanty means, he has taught us a great end. Dr. BIRCH was the contemporary of JOHNSON. He excelled his predecessors; and yet he forms a striking contrast, as a literary historian. BIRCH was no philosopher, and I adduce him as an instance how a writer, possessing the most ample knowledge, and the most vigilant curiosity; one, practised in all the secret arts of literary research,

in public repositories and in private collections, and eminently skilled in the whole science of Bibliography, may yet fail with the Publick. The diligence of BIRCH has perpetuated his memory, by a monument of MSS.; but his touch was mortal to Genius! He palsied the character which could never die; heroes sunk pusillanimously under his hand; and in his torpid silence, even MILTON seemed suddenly deprived of his genius.

I have freely enlarged in my *Notes*; a practice objectionable to many, but indispensable perhaps in Literary History.

The late Mr. CUMBERLAND, in a conversation I once held with him on this subject, triumphantly exclaimed, "You will not find a single Note through the whole volume of my 'Life.' I never wrote a Note. The Ancients never wrote Notes;

but they introduced into their text all which was proper for the Reader to know."

I agreed with that elegant writer, that a fine piece of Essay-writing, such as his own 'Life,' required Notes, no more than his Novels and his Comedies, among which it may be classed. I observed, that the Ancients had no Literary History; this was the result of the discovery of Printing, the institution of National Libraries, the general literary intercourse of Europe, and some other causes which are the growth almost of our own times. The Ancients have written history without producing authorities.

Mr. CUMBERLAND was then occupied on a Review of Fox's History; and of CLARENDON, which lay open before him, he had been complaining, with all the irritable feelings of a Dramatist, of the

frequent suspensions and the tedious minuteness of his story.

I observed, that *Notes* had not then been discovered. Had Lord CLARENDON known their use, he had preserved the unity of design in his text. His Lordship has unskilfully filled it with all that historical furniture his diligence had collected, and with those minute discussions his anxiety for truth, and his lawyer-like mode of scrutinizing into facts and substantiating evidence, had induced him. Had these been cast into *Notes*, and were it now possible to pass them over in the present text, how would the story of the noble historian clear up! The greatness of his genius will appear when disencumbered of its unwieldy and misplaced accompaniments.

If this observation be just, it will apply with greater force to Literary History itself, which, being often the mere history of the human mind, has to record opinions as well as events; to discuss as well as to narrate; to shew how accepted truths become suspicious; or to confirm what has hitherto rested in obscure uncertainty; and to balance contending opinions and opposite facts, with critical nicety. The multiplied means of our knowledge now opened to us, have only rendered our curiosity more urgent in its claims, and raised up the most diversified objects. These, though accessaries to the leading one of our inquiries, can never melt together in the continuity of a Text. It is to prevent all this disorder, and to enjoy all the usefulness and the pleasure of this various knowledge, which has produced the invention of

Notes in Literary History. All this forms a sort of knowledge peculiar to the present more enlarged state of Literature. Writers who delight in curious and rare extracts, and in the discovery of new facts and new views of things, warmed by a fervour of research which brings every thing nearer to our eye and close to our touch, study to throw contemporary feelings in their page. Such rare extracts, and such new facts, BAYLE eagerly sought, and they delighted JOHNSON: but all this luxury of literature can only be produced to the public eye, in the variegated forms of *Notes*.*

My present inquiries have been promoted by many literary favours from various quarters. To JAMES BINDLEY, Esq. they are more particularly indebted; a name to

* It may be advisable for some readers of the present work to read the text in continuity.

which the Public are accustomed in all works connected with our native literature: Critical as well as curious, and possessing knowledge as ample as the liberality which imparts it, he preserves among us the spirit of the BODLEYS and the SLOANES.—Of my old and respected friend Mr. JOHN NICHOLS, who has devoted a life to Literature, and who aided the researches of JOHNSON, it is no common gratification for me to add, that he has even as zealously, aided mine.

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WARBURTON,

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INCLUDING AN ILLUSTRATION OF

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The Name of Warburton more familiar to us than his Works — declared to be "a Colossus" by a Warburtonian, who afterwards shrinks the image into "a human size" — Lowth's caustic retort on his Attorneyship — motives for the change to Divinity — his first literary mischances — Warburton and his Welsh Prophet — his Dedications — his mean flatteries — his taste more struck by the Monstrous than the Beautiful — the effects of his opposite studies — the SECRET PRINCIPLE *which conducted Warburton through all his Works — the* curious *argument of his Alliance between Church and State — the* bold *paradox of his Divine*

Legation — the demonstration ends in a conjecture — Warburton lost in the labyrinth he had ingeniously constructed — confesses the harassed state of his mind — attacked by Infidels and Christians — his SECRET PRINCIPLE *turns the poetical narrative of Æneas into the Eleusinian Mysteries — Hurd attacks Jortin; his Attic Irony translated into plain English — Warburton's paradox on eloquence; his levity of ideas renders his sincerity suspected — Leland refutes the whimsical paradox — Hurd attacks Leland — Leland's noble triumph — Warburton's* SECRET PRINCIPLE *operating in Modern Literature: on Pope's Essay on Man — Lord Bolingbroke the author of the Essay — Pope received Warburton as his tutelary genius — Warburton's systematic treatment of his friends and rival editors — his literary artifices and little intrigues — his Shakespeare — the whimsical labours of Warburton on Shakespeare annihilated by Edwards's "Canons of Criticism" — Warburton and Johnson — Edwards and Warburton's mutual attacks — the concealed motive of his edition of Shakespeare avowed in his justification — his* SECRET PRINCIPLE *further displayed in Pope's Works — attacks Akenside; Dyson's generous defence — correct Ridicule is a test of Truth, illustrated*

by a well-known case — Warburton a literary revolutionist; aimed to be a perpetual dictator — the ambiguous tendency of his speculations — the Warburtonian School supported by the most licentious principles — specimens of its peculiar style — The use to which Warburton applied the Dunciad — his Party: attentive to raise recruits — the active and subtle Hurd — his extreme sycophancy — Warburton, to maintain his usurped authority, adopted his system of literary quarrels.

THE Name of WARBURTON is more familiar to us than his Works: thus was it early [A], thus it continues, and thus it

[A] One of his lively adversaries, the author of the "Canons of Criticism," observed the difficulty of writing against an author, whose reputation so much exceeded the knowledge of his works. "It is my misfortune," says EDWARDS, "in this controversy, to be engaged with a person who is better known by his *name* than his *works*; or, to speak more properly, whose *works are more known than read*."— Preface to the Canons of Criticism.

will be with Posterity! The cause may be worth our inquiry. Nor is there, in the whole compass of our literary history, a character more instructive for its greatness and its failures; none more adapted to excite our curiosity, and which can more completely gratify it.

Of great Characters, whose actions are well known, and of those who, whatever claim they may have to distinction, are not so, ARISTOTLE has delivered a precept, with his accustomed sagacity. If *Achilles*, says the Stagirite, be the subject of your inquiries, since all know what he has done, we are simply to indicate his actions, without stopping to detail them; but this would not serve for *Critias*; for whatever relates to him must be fully told, since he is known to few*; — a critical

* Aristotle's Rhetoric, B. III. c. 16.

precept, which ought to be frequently applied, in the composition of these Volumes.

The history of WARBURTON is now well known: the facts lie dispersed in the chronological biographer[B]; but the secret connection which exists between them, if there shall be found to be any, has not yet been brought out; and it is my business to press these together; hence to demonstrate principles, or to deduce inferences.

The literary fame of WARBURTON was a portentous meteor: it seemed unconnected with the whole planetary system through which it rolled, and it was imagined to be

[B] The materials for a Life of WARBURTON have been arranged by Mr. NICHOLS, with his accustomed fidelity and zeal, in the rich stores of his "Literary Anecdotes."

darting amidst new creations, as the tail of each hypothesis blazed with idle fancies.[c] Such extraordinary natures cannot be looked on with calm admiration, nor common hostility; all is the tumult of wonder about such a man; and his adversaries, as well as his friends, though differently affected, are often overcome by the same astonishment.

To a Warburtonian, the object of his worship looks indeed of colossal magnitude, in the glare thrown about that hal-

[c] It is probable I may have drawn my meteor from our volcanic author himself, who had his lucid moments, even in the deliriums of his imagination. WARBURTON has rightly observed, in his Divine Legation, p. 203, that "*Systems, Schemes,* and *Hypotheses,* all bred of heat, in the warm regions of *Controversy,* like meteors in a troubled sky, have each its turn, to *blaze* and *fly away.*"

lowed spot; nor is the divinity of common stature; but the light which shews him to be so great, must not be suffered to conceal from us the real standard by which only his greatness can be determined [D]:

[D] It seems, even by the confession of a Warburtonian, that his Master was of "a human size;" for when Bishop LOWTH rallies the Warburtonians for their subserviency and credulity to their Master, he aimed a gentle stroke at Dr. BROWN, who, in his "Essays on the Characteristics," had poured forth the most vehement panegyric. In his "Estimate of the Manners of the Times" too, after a long *tirade* of their badness in regard to Taste and Learning, he thus again eulogises his mighty Master:—"Himself is abused, and his friends insulted for his sake, by those who never read his writings; or, if they did, could neither taste nor comprehend them; while every little aspiring or despairing scribbler eyes him as Cassius did Cæsar, and whispers to his fellow:

Even literary enthusiasm, the most delightful to all generous tempers, may be too

'Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

No wonder, then, if the malice of the Lilliputian tribe be bent against this dreaded GULLIVER; if they attack him with poisoned arrows, whom they cannot subdue by strength."

On this LOWTH observes, that "this Lord Paramount in his pretensions *doth bestride the narrow world* of Literature, and hath cast out his shoe over all the regions of Science." This leads to a ludicrous comparison of WARBURTON, with King Pichrochole and his three ministers, who, in URQUHART's admirable version, are Count Merdaille, the Duke of Small-trash, and the Earl Swashbuckler, who set up for universal monarchy, and made an imaginary expedition through all the quarters of the world, as Rabelais records, and the Bishop facetiously quotes.—Dr. BROWN afterwards seemed to repent his pane-

prodigal of its splendours, wasting itself while it shines; but Truth remains behind! Truth, which, like the asbestos, is still

gyric, and contrives to make his gigantic hero shrink into a moderate size. "I believe still, every little aspiring fellow continues thus to eye him. For myself, I have ever considered him as *a man*, yet considerable among his species, as the following part of the paragraph *clearly demonstrates*. I speak of him here as *a Gulliver* indeed; yet still of *no more than human size*, and only apprehended to be of *Colossal magnitude* by certain of his Lilliputian enemies." Thus subtilly would poor Dr. BROWN save appearances! It must be confessed that, in a dilemma, never was a giant got rid off so easily!—The plain truth, however, was, that BROWN was then on the point of quarrelling with WARBURTON; for he laments, in a letter to a friend, that "he had not avoided all personal panegyric. I had thus saved myself the trouble of setting right a character which I far over-painted." A part of this letter is quoted in the Biographia Britannica.

unconsumed and unaltered amidst these glowing fires.

The genius of WARBURTON has called forth all that the most splendid eloquence can bring to bear against the Chief and his adherents, in the curious labour of one anonymous Critic, who is so well known [E];

[E] "Tracts by WARBURTON and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the Collections of their respective Works," is itself a collection which our shelves could ill spare. The Dedication stands unparalleled for comparative criticism. It is the eruption of a volcano; it sparkles, it blazes, and scatters light and destruction. How deeply ought we to regret that this Nazarite has suffered his strength to have been shorn by the Delilahs of spurious Fame. Never has this man, with his gifted strength, grasped the pillars of a temple, to shake its atoms over Philistines; but pleased the child-like simplicity of his mind, by pulling down houses over the heads of their unlucky inhabitants. He has consumed, in local and personal literary quarrels, a genius which

and all that Taste, warmed by a spark caught from the flame of WARBURTON him-

might have made the next age his own. With all the stores of erudition, and all the eloquence of genius, he has mortified a Country Parson for his politics, and a London Accoucheur for certain obstetrical labours performed on Horace; and he has written one great preface, and one small one! Can his insatiate vanity, so little delicate, as often to snatch its sweetmeat from a foul plate — Can his egotism, which has so unnaturalized a great mind, by the distortions of Johnsonian mimicry — Can the fierceness, pushed on to brutality on the unresisting; and timidity, retreating with a child's terrors, when resisted — Can table-triumphs and evening-circles, or even the abuse of all domestic kindness, in his petty pride — Can these compensate for the lost century he might have made his own?

Lord o'er the greatest, to the least a slave,
Half-weak, half-strong, half-timid, and half-brave;
To take a compliment of too much pride,
And yet most hurt, when praises are denied.

self, in another anonymous Critic [F]. Mine is a colder, and less grateful task: I am but an historian! I have to creep along in the darkness of human events, to lay my hand cautiously on truths so difficult to touch; and which it is now the design of the panegyrist, and now of the writer of

Thou art so deep discerning, yet so blind,
So learn'd, so ignorant, cruel, yet so kind;
So good, so bad, so foolish, and so wise;—
By turns I love thee, and by turns despise.

MSS ANON. (said to be by the late Dr. HOMER.)

[D] The latter character and criticism may be found in the Quarterly Review, Vol. VII. p. 383. So masterly a piece of criticism has rarely surprized the Public in the leaves of a periodical publication. It comes, indeed, with the feelings of another age, and the reminiscences of the old and vigorous school. I cannot implicitly adopt certain sentiments. But it exhibits a highly-finished portrait, enamelled by all the love of the artist: the colours are burnt in, and they will last!

an invective, to cover over, and throw aside into corners.

Much of the moral, and something too of the physical dispositions of the man, enter into the literary character; and further, there are localities — the place where he resides, the circumstances which arise, and the habits he contracts; to all these, the excellencies and the defects of some of our great literary characters may often be traced. With this clue, we may thread our way through the labyrinth of Genius before us.

WARBURTON long resided in an obscure provincial town, the articled Clerk of a Country Attorney[G], and then an unsuc-

[G] When WARBURTON, sore at having been refused academical honours at Oxford, which were offered to POPE, then his fellow-traveller, and who, in consequence of this refusal, did himself not ac-

cessful practising one. He seems, too, once to have figured as "a wine-merchant in the Borough," and rose into notice as

cept them — in his controversy with LOWTH (then the Oxford Professor), gave way to his angry spirit, and struck at the University itself, for its political jesuitism, being a place where men "were taught to distinguish between *de facto* and *de jure*" — Caustic was the retort, and too thin-skinned was the palate which had to ruminate. LOWTH, by singular felicity of application, touched on WARBURTON'S original designation, in a character he hit on in Clarendon. After remonstrating with spirit and dignity on this petulant attack, which was not merely personal, LOWTH continues: — "Had I not your Lordship's example to justify me, I should think it a piece of extreme impertinence to inquire where YOU were bred; though one might justly plead, in excuse for it, a natural curiosity to know *where* and *how* such a phenomenon was produced. It is commonly said that your Lordship's education was of that particular kind, concerning which it is

" the orator of a disputing club ;" but, in all his shapes, still keen in literary pur-

a remark of that great judge of men and manners, Lord CLARENDON (on whom you have, therefore, with a wonderful happiness of allusion, justness of application, and elegance of expression, conferred 'the unrivalled title of the Chancellor of Human Nature'), that it peculiarly disposes men to be proud, insolent, and pragmatical." LOWTH, in a note, inserts CLARENDON'S character of Colonel Harrison : " He had been bred up in the place of a Clerk, under a Lawyer of good account in those parts; which kind of education introduces men into the language and practice of business; and if it be not resisted, by the great ingenuity of the person, inclines young men to more pride than any other kind of breeding, and disposes them to be pragmatical and insolent." " Now, my Lord (LOWTH continues), as you have in your whole behaviour, and in all your writings, remarkably distinguished yourself by your humility, lenity, meekness, forbearance, candour, humanity, civility, decency, good manners, good temper, moderation with regard to

suits, without literary connections; struggling with all the defects of a desultory

the opinions of others, and a modest diffidence of your own, this unpromising circumstance of your education is so far from being a disgrace to you, that it highly redounds to your praise."

LOWTH's Letter to the Author of the D. L. p. 63.

Was ever weapon more polished and keen? This Attic style of controversy finely contrasts with the tasteless and fierce invective of the Warburtonians, although one of them is well known to have managed too adroitly the cutting instrument of Irony; but the frigid malignancy of HURD diminishes the pleasure we might find in his skill. WARBURTON ill concealed his vexation in the contempt he vented in a letter to HURD on this occasion. "All you say about Lowth's pamphlet breathes the purest spirit of friendship. His *wit* and his *reasoning*, God knows, and I also (as a certain Critic said once, in a matter of the like great importance), are much below the qualities that deserve those names."—He writes too of "this man's boldness in publishing his letters."—"If he expects an answer, he will certainly find

and self-taught education, but of a bold aspiring character, he rejected, either in pride or in despair, his little trades, and took Deacon's orders — to exchange a profession, unfavourable to continuity of

himself disappointed; though I believe I could make *as good sport with this devil of a vice,* for the public diversion, as ever was made with him in the old Moralities."——But WARBURTON did reply! Had he ever possessed one feeling of taste, never would he have called the elegant LOWTH — *Punch!* He was, however, at that moment, sharply stung!

This circumstance of *Attorneyship* was not passed over in MALLET'S "Familiar Epistle to the most impudent man living." Comparing, in the spirit of "familiarity," ARNALL, an impudent scribbling attorney and political scribe, with WARBURTON, he says, "You have been an attorney as well as he, but a little more impudent than he was; for ARNALL never presumed to conceal his turpitude under the gown and the scarf." But this is mere invective!

study, for another, more propitious to its indulgence [H]. In a word, he set off as a

[H] I have given a tempered opinion of his motive for this sudden conversion from Attorneyship to Divinity; for it must not be concealed, in our enquiry into WARBURTON's character, that he has frequently been accused of a more worldly one. He was so fierce an advocate for some important causes he undertook, that his sincerity has been liable to suspicion; the Pleader, in some points, certainly acting the part of a Sophist. Were we to decide by the early appearances of his conduct, by the rapid change of his profession, the canine servility to his Country-squire, and by what have been termed the hazardous "fooleries in criticism, and outrages in controversy," which he systematically pursued, he looks like one not in earnest, and more zealous to maintain the character of his own genius, than the cause he had espoused. LELAND once exclaimed, "What are we to think of the Writer and his intentions? Is he really sincere in his reasonings?" Certain it is, his paradoxes often alarmed his friends, to repeat the words of a great Critic, by "the ab-

literary adventurer, who was to win his way by earning it from patronage.

surdity of his criticism, the heterodoxy of his tenets, and the brutality of his invectives." Our Juvenal, who, whatever might be the vehemence of his declamation, reflected always those opinions which floated about him, has drawn a full-length figure. He accounts for WARBURTON'S early motive in taking the cassock, as being

" ——————— thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the Lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan,
To make himself a gentleman;
A title, in which Form arrayed him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought of when she made him."

" To make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote.
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote too of the Holy Ghost;
Of whom, no more than doth a post,
He knew; nor, should an angel shew him,
Would he or know, or choose to know him."

CHURCHILL'S *Duellist*.

His first mischances were not of a nature to call forth that intrepidity which afterwards hardened into the leading fea-

I would not insinuate that WARBURTON is to be ranked among the class he so loudly denounced, that of "Free-thinkers." But from his want of sober-mindedness, we cannot always prove his earnestness in the cause he advocated. He often sports with his fancies; he breaks out into the most familiar levity; and maintains, too broadly, subtile and refined principles, which evince more of the political than the primitive Christian. It is certain his infidelity was greatly suspected; and HURD, to pass over the stigma of WARBURTON's sudden conversion to the Church, insinuates that "*an early seriousness of mind* determined him to the Ecclesiastical profession." — "It may be so," says the Critic in the Quart. Rev. no languid admirer of this great man; "but the symptoms of that *seriousness were very equivocal afterwards*; and the *certainty of an early provision, from a generous patron in the country*, may perhaps be considered by those who are disposed to assign

ture of his character. Few great authors have begun their race with less auspicious omens. An extraordinary event in the

human conduct to ordinary motives, as quite adequate to the effect."

Dr. PARR is indignant at such surmises; but the feeling is more honourable than the decision! In that admirable character of WARBURTON in the Westminster Magazine for 1779, it is acknowledged, "at his outset in life he was suspected of being inclined to Infidelity; and it was not till many years had elapsed, that the orthodoxy of his opinions was generally assented to." On this Dr. PARR observes, "Why Dr. Warburton was *ever* suspected of secret infidelity I know not. What he was *inclined to think* on subjects of Religion, before, perhaps, he had leisure or ability to examine them, depends only upon obscure surmise, or vague report." The words *inclined to think* seems a periphrase for *secret infidelity*. Our Critic attributes these reports to "an English dunce, whose blunders and calumnies are now happily forgotten, and repeated by a French

life of an author, however, happened to WARBURTON: he had luckily secured a Patron, before he was an Author.

The first publication of his which we know, was his "Translations in Prose and Verse from Roman Poets, Orators, and Historians." 1724. He was then about twenty-five years of age. The fine forms of classic beauty could never be cast in so rough a mould of prose; and the turgid unmusical verses betrayed qualities of mind incompatible with the delicacy of poetry. Four years afterwards he repeated another bolder attempt, in his "Critical and Phi-

buffoon, whose morality is not commensurate with his wit." Tracts by WARBURTON, &c. p. 186.

"The English Dunce" I do not recollect; of this sort, there are so many! VOLTAIRE is "the French buffoon;" who, indeed, compares WARBURTON in his Bishoprick, to Peachum in the Beggar's Opera; who, as Keeper of Newgate, was for hanging all his old accomplices!

losophical Inquiry into the causes of Prodigies and Miracles." I wonder WARBURTON was ever suspected of infidelity or even scepticism; his mind, warm with imagination, was tinged with credulity; but he was far more extravagant in a later attempt of expounding the odd visions of a cracked-brain Welchman, a prophesying knave; a knave by his own confession, and a prophet by WARBURTON's. This commentary, inserted in JORTIN's "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History," considerably injured the reputation of JORTIN [1]. To return to the Belles Lettres—

[1] The story of WARBURTON and his WELCH PROPHET would, of itself, be sufficient to detect the shiftings and artifices of his genius. RICE or ARISE EVANS! was one of the many prophets who rose up in Oliver's fanatical days; and WARBURTON had the hardihood to insert in JORTIN's learned work, a strange commentary, to prove, that *Arise Evans*, in

So radically deficient in WARBURTON was that fine internal feeling which we call

Cromwell's time, in his "Echo from Heaven," had manifestly *prophesied the Hanoverian Succession!* The Welchman was a knave by his own account, in subscribing with his *right* hand the confession he calls his prophecy, before a Justice, and with his *left*, that which was his recantation, signed before the Recorder, adding, "I know the Bench and the People thought I recanted; but, alas! they were deceived;" and this WARBURTON calls "an uncommon fetch of wit," to save the truth of the Prophecy, though not the honour of the Prophet. If EVANS meant any thing, he meant what was then floating in all men's minds, the probable restoration of the Stuarts. By this prelude of that inventive genius which afterwards commented, in the same spirit, on the Æneid of Virgil, and the "Divine Legation itself," and made the same sort of discoveries, he fixed himself in this dilemma; either WARBURTON was a greater impostor than *Arise Evans*, or he was more credulous than even any follower of the Welch prophet, if he really had any. But the truth is, that WARBURTON was always writing for a present purpose, and believed,

Taste, that during this period he had not obtained one solitary charm of diction [K], and did not believe, as it happened. "Ordinary men believe *one* side of a contradiction at a time, whereas his Lordship" (says his admirable antagonist) "frequently believes, or at least defends *both*. So that it would have been no great wonder if he should maintain that *Evans* was both a real prophet and an impostor." Yet this is not the only awkward attitude into which WARBURTON has here thrown himself; to strain the visions of the raving Welchman to events of which he could have no notion, WARBURTON has plunged into the most ludicrous difficulties, all which ended, as all his discoveries have done, in making the fortune of an adversary who, like the Momus of Homer, has raised through the skies "inextinguishable laughter," in the amusing tract of "Confusion worse confounded, Rout on Rout, or the Bishop of G———'s Commentary on Arise Evans; by Indignatio, 1772." The writer was the learned Henry Taylor, the author of Ben Mordecai's Apology.

[K] The correct and elegant taste of LOWTH with great humour detected the wretched taste in which

and had scarcely betrayed, amidst this impurity of taste, that nerve and spirit which afterwards crushed all rival force. He attempted to suppress both these works during his life-time.

WARBURTON'S prose style was composed. He did nothing more than print the last sentence of the "Enquiry on Prodigies," in measured lines, without, however, changing the place of a single word, and this produced some of the most turgid blank verse. LOWTH describes it as "the *Musa pedestris* got on horseback in a high prancing stile." I shall give a few lines only of this final sentence in that Essay:

> "Methinks I see her like the mighty Eagle renewing her immortal youth, and purging her opening sight, at the unobstructed beams of our benign meridian Sun," &c.

All this, with as many other lines, stand word for word in the original prose of our tasteless writer; but, to shew his utter want of ear and imagination, his translations *in imitation of Milton's style* are precisely like this ridiculous prose!

Of these unlucky productions, the *Dedications* were not forgotten, both addressed to the same opulent Baronet, not omitting "the virtues" of his lady the Countess of Sunderland, whose marriage he calls "so divine an union." He had shewn no want of judgment in the choice of his Patrons; for they had more than one Living in their gift—and, perhaps, knowing his Patrons, none in the Dedications themselves. They had, however, this absurdity; that in freely exposing the servile practices of Dedicators, the writer was himself indulging in that luxurious sin, which he so forcibly terms "Public Prostitution." This early management betrays no equivocal symptoms of that traffic in *Dedications*, of which he has been so severely accused [L], and of that

[L] When WARBURTON was considered as a Colossus of Literature, RALPH, the political writer, pointed

paradoxical turn and hardy effrontery, which distinguished his after-life. These

a severe allusion to the awkward figure he makes in these *Dedications*. "The Colossus himself creeps between the legs of the late Sir Robert Sutton; in what posture, or for what purpose, need not be explained."

CHURCHILL has not passed by this circumstance of WARBURTON's humility even to meanness, combined with pride which could rise to haughtiness.

"He was so proud, that should he meet
The twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall."

Yet this man

——— "Fawned through all his life,
For Patrons first, then for a Wife;
Wrote *Dedications*, which must make
The heart of every Christian quake."

The Duellist.

It is certain that the proud and supercilious WARBURTON long crouched and fawned. MALLET, at

Dedications led to preferment, and thus hardily was laid the foundation-stone of his aspiring fortunes.

least, well knew all that passed between WARBURTON and POPE. In the "Familiar Epistle" he asserts, that WARBURTON was introduced to POPE by his "nauseous flattery." A remarkable instance, besides the Dedications we have noticed, occurred in his correspondence with Sir Thomas HANMER. He did not venture to attack "the Oxford Editor," as he sarcastically distinguishes him, without first demanding back his letters, which were immediately returned, from Sir Thomas's high sense of honour. WARBURTON might otherwise have been shewn strangely to contradict himself, for in these letters he had been most lavish of his flatteries and encomiums on the man whom he covered with ridicule in the Preface to his Shakespeare. See "An Answer to certain passages in Mr. W.'s Preface to Shakespeare, 1748."

His dedication, to the plain unlettered Ralph Allen of Bath, his greatest of Patrons, of his "Commentary on Pope's Essay on Man," is written in the same

Till his thirtieth year, WARBURTON evinced a depraved taste, but a craving spirit as those to Sir Robert Sutton; but the former unlucky gentleman was more publicly exposed by it. The subject of this Dedication turns on "the growth and progress of *Fate*, divided into four principal branches!" There is an episode about *Free-will* and *Nature* and *Grace*, and "a *contrivance* of Leibnitz about *Fatalism*." Ralph Allen was a good quaker-like man, but he must have lost his temper if he ever read the Dedication! Let us not, however, imagine that WARBURTON was at all insensible to this violation of literary decorum; he only sacrificed *propriety* to what he considered a more urgent principle—his own selfish purposes. No one had a juster conception of the true nature of *Dedications*; for he says in the famous one "to the Freethinkers," "I could never approve the custom of dedicating books to men whose professions made them strangers to the subjects. A Discourse on the Ten Predicaments to a Leader of armies, or a System of Casuistry to a Minister of state, always appeared to me a high absurdity."

appetite for knowledge. His mind was constituted to be more struck by the Mon-

All human characters are mixed — true! yet still we feel indignant to discover some of the greatest, often combining the most opposite qualities; and then they are not so much mixed as the parts are unnaturally joined together. Could one imagine that so lofty a character as WARBURTON could have been liable to have incurred even the random stroke of the Satirist? whether true or false, the events of his life, better known at this day than his own, will shew. CHURCHILL says, that

" He could cringe and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the devil,
If, *in a journey to his mind,*
He 'd let him mount, and ride behind."

The author of the " Canons of Criticism," with all his sprightly sarcasm, gives a history of WARBURTON's later Dedications. " The first edition of ' The Alliance' came out without a dedication, but was presented to the Bishops; and when nothing came of that, the second was addressed to both the Uni-

strous than the Beautiful, much like that Sicilian Prince who furnished his villa with the most hideous figures imaginable: the delight resulting from harmonious and delicate forms raised emotions of too weak a nature to move their obliquity of taste; roused, however, by the surprise excited by colossal ugliness. The discovery of his intellectual tastes, at this obscure period of his life, besides in those works we have noticed, is confirmed by one of the most untoward accidents which ever happened to a literary man; it was the chance-discovery of a letter he had written to one of the heroes of the Dunciad, forty years after its date. At that time, his literary connections

versities; and when nothing came of that, the third was dedicated to a noble Earl, and nothing has yet come of that." Appendix to "Canons of Criticism," 7th edit. 261.

were formed with second-rate authors; he was in strict intimacy with *Concanen* and *Theobald*, and other "ingenious gentlemen who made up our last night's conversation," as he expresses himself [M]. This

[M] This letter was written in 1726, and first found by Dr. Knight in 1750, in fitting up a house where *Concanen* had probably lodged. It was suppressed, till AKENSIDE, in 1766, printed it in a sixpenny pamphlet, intituled, "An Ode to Mr. Edwards." He preserved the curiosity, with "all its peculiarities of grammar, spelling, and punctuation." The insulted poet took a deep revenge for the contemptuous treatment he had received from the modern Stagirite. The "peculiarities" betray most evident marks of the self-taught Lawyer; the orthography and the double letters were minted in the office. When I looked for the letter in *Akenside's Works*, I discovered that it had been silently dropped. Some interest, doubtless, had been made to suppress it, for WARBURTON was humbled when reminded of it. MALONE, fortunately, has preserved it in his

letter is full of the heresies of Taste: one of the most anomalous is the comment on that well-known passage in Shakespeare, on "the genius and the mortal instruments;" WARBURTON's is a miraculous specimen of fantastical sagacity and critical delirium, or the art of discovering meanings never meant, and of illustrations the author could never have known. WARBURTON declares to "the ingenious gentlemen," (for whom

Shakespeare, where it may be found, in a place not likely to be looked into for it, at the close of Julius Cæsar: this literary curiosity had otherwise been lost for posterity; its whole history is a series of wonderful escapes.

By this document we became acquainted with the astonishing fact, that WARBURTON, early in life, was himself one of those very Dunces whom he has so unmercifully registered in their Doomsday-book; one who had admired the genius of his brothers, and spoke of POPE's with the utmost contempt!

afterwards he proved to have had but a Pharaoh's heart, when he hanged them by dozens to Posterity in the Dunciad,) that "POPE borrowed for want of genius;" whom afterwards he was to comment on as the first of Poets! His insulting criticisms on the popular writings of ADDISON,—his contempt for what YOUNG calls "sweet elegant Virgilian prose,"—shew how utterly insensible he was to that classical taste in which ADDISON had constructed his materials. But he who could not taste the delicacy of ADDISON, it may be imagined might be in raptures with the rant of LEE. There is an unerring principle in the false sublime: it seems to be governed by laws, though they are not our's; and we know what it will like, that is, we know what it will mistake for what ought not to be liked, as surely as we can anticipate what will

delight correct taste. WARBURTON has pronounced one of the raving passages of poor Nat. "to contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that Poetry could conceive or paint." JOSEPH WARTON, who indignantly rejects it from his edition of Pope, asserts, that "we have not in our language a more striking example of true turgid expression, and genuine fustian and bombast." [N] Yet

[N] LEE introduces Alexander the Great, saying,

"When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood,
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;
When the Immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God!"

This was "the most sublime and most judicious imagery" to the tasteless writer whose bombastic *finale* to his own prose Essay nearly equals it. In the province of taste he was always at sea without chart

such was the man whom ill-fortune (for the publick at least) had chosen to become the Commentator of our greater Poets! Again CHURCHILL throws light on our character:

" He, with an all-sufficient air,
Placed himself in the Critic's chair,
And wrote, to advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on Rhimes, and Notes on Plays—
A judge of genius, though, confest,
With not one spark of genius blest:

or compass, and was as unlucky in his panegyric on MILTON as on LEE. One could hardly think this possible; but, in both cases, without true feeling, his artificial admiration was the mere hypocrisy of sensibility to poetry. He calls the "Paradise Regained" "a charming poem, *nothing inferior* in the *poetry* and the *sentiments* to the Paradise Lost." Such extravagance could only have proceeded from a critic who could never have been sensible to the essential requisites of poetry itself.

Among the first of Critics placed,
Though free from every taint of Taste."

Not encouraged by the reception his first literary efforts had received, but having obtained some preferment from his Patron, we come now to a critical point in his life. He retreated from the world, and, during a seclusion of near twenty years, persevered in uninterrupted studies. The force of his character placed him in the first order of thinking beings. This resolution of no more courting the world for little favours, but by hardy preparation for mighty labours, displays a noble retention of the appetite for fame; and WARBURTON scorned to be a Scribbler!

Had this great man journalized his readings, as GIBBON has done, we should perhaps be more astonished at his miscellaneous pursuits. He read every thing, and,

I suspect, with little distinction, and equal delight [o]. Curiosity, even to its delirium, was his first passion; afterwards

[o] Such opposite studies shot themselves into the most fantastical forms in his rocket-writings, whether they streamed in "The Divine Legation," or sparkled in "The Origin of Romances," or played about in giving double senses to Virgil, Pope, and Shakespeare. CHURCHILL, with a good deal of ill-nature and some truth, describes them,

"A Curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, while he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading, such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharged the weary brain
With more than she could well contain;
More than she was with spirit fraught
To turn and methodize to thought;
And which, *like ill-digested food,*
To humours turn'd, and not to blood."

The opinion of BENTLEY, when he saw "The Divine Legation," was a sensible one. "This man,"

came that new system, by which all his works were formed for Fame, and which

said he, "has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion."

The Warburtonians seemed to consider his great work, as the Bible by which all literary men were to be sworn. LOWTH ridicules their credulity. "The Divine Legation, it seems, contains in it all knowledge, divine and human, ancient and modern: it is a perfect Encyclopædia, including all History, Criticism, Divinity, Law, Politics, from the Law of Moses down to the Jew Bill, and from Egyptian hieroglyphics to modern Rebus-writing, &c."

"In the 2014 pages of the unfinished 'Divine Legation," observes the sarcastic GIBBON, "four hundred authors are quoted, from Saint Austin down to Scarron and Rabelais!"

Yet, after all that Satire and Wit have denounced, listen to an enlightened votary of WARBURTON's. He asserts, that "the Divine Legation has taken its place at the head, not to say of English Theology, but almost of English Literature. To the composition of this prodigious performance, HOOKER and STIL-

we may say in the emphatic words he applied to Leibnitz, was like "a contrivance against Fatalism," for his genius has given a value to the wildest paradoxes.

But if WARBURTON read so much, it was not to enforce opinions already furnished to his hands, or with cold scepticism to reject them, leaving the reader in despair. He read that he might write what no one else had written, and which at least required to be refuted before it was condemned. He hit upon a SECRET PRINCIPLE,

LINGFLEET could have contributed the erudition, CHILLINGWORTH and LOCKE the acuteness, TAYLOR an imagination even more wild and copious, SWIFT, and perhaps EACHARD, the sarcastic vein of wit; but what power of understanding, except WARBURTON, could first have amassed all these materials, and then compacted them into a bulky and elaborate work, so consistent and harmonious?"

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prevalent through all his works, and this was INVENTION; a talent, indeed, somewhat dangerous to introduce in researches where Truth, and not Fancy, was to be addressed. But even with all this originality he was not free from imitation, and has even been accused of borrowing largely without hinting at obligations. He had, however, one favourite model before him: WARBURTON has delineated the portrait of a certain author with inimitable minuteness, while he caught its general effect; amidst all this felicity of expression, we feel that the artist, tracing the resemblance of another, was inspired by all the flattery of a self-painter—he perceived the kindred features, and he loved them!

This author was BAYLE! And I am unfolding the character of WARBURTON, in copying the very original portrait:

"Mr. BAYLE is of a quite different character from these Italian sophists: a writer, whose strength and clearness of *reasoning* can be equalled only by the gaiety, easiness, and delicacy of his *wit; who, pervading human nature with a glance,* STRUCK INTO THE PROVINCE OF PARADOX, *as an exercise for the restless vigour of his mind:* who, with a soul superior to the sharpest attacks of fortune, and a heart practised to the best philosophy, had *not yet enough of real greatness, to overcome that last foible of superior geniuses,* the temptation of honour, which the ACADEMIC EXERCISE OF WIT is conceived to bring to its professors." [P]

[P] The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated, Vol. i. Sect. iv. Observe the remarkable expression, "that last foible of superior genius." He had, evidently, running in his mind, Milton's line on Fame,

"That last infirmity of noble mind."

In such an exalted state was WARBURTON'S mind, when he was writing this, his own, character.

Here then we discover the SECRET PRINCIPLE which conducted WARBURTON through all his works, although of the most opposite natures. I do not give this as an opinion to be discussed, but as a fact to be demonstrated.

The faculties so eminent in BAYLE were equally so in WARBURTON. In his early studies he had particularly applied himself to Logic; and was not only a vigorous reasoner, but one practised in all the *finesse* of dialectics. He had wit, fertile indeed, rather than delicate; and a vast body of erudition, collected in the uninterrupted studies of twenty years. But it was the SECRET PRINCIPLE, or, as he calls it, "*the Academic exercise of Wit*," on an enlarged system, which carried him so far in the new world of INVENTION he was creating.

This was quite a new character of investigation; it led him to pursue his profounder inquiries beyond the clouds of antiquity; for what he could not *discover*, he CONJECTURED and ASSERTED. Objects, which in the hands of other men were merely matters resting on authentic researches, now received the stamp and lustre of original invention. Nothing was to be seen in the state in which others had viewed it; the hardiest paradoxes served his purpose best, and this licentious principle produced unlooked-for discoveries. He humoured his taste, always wild and unchastised, in search of the monstrous and the extravagant; and, being a Wit, he delighted in making resemblances between objects which to more regulated minds had no connection whatever. *Wit* may exercise its ingenuity as much in com-

bining *things* unconnected with each other, as in its odd assemblage of *ideas*; and WARBURTON, as a literary antiquary, proved to be as witty in his combinations, as BUTLER and CONGREVE in their comic images. As this principle took full possession of the mind of this man of genius, the practice became so familiar, that it is possible he might at times have been credulous enough to have confided in his own reveries, and as he forcibly expressed himself on one of his adversaries, Dr. STEBBING, "Thus it is to have to do with a head, whose *sense is all run to system.*" "His Academic Wit" now sported amidst whimsical theories, pursued bold but inconclusive arguments, marked out subtile distinctions, and discovered incongruous resemblances; but they were maintained by an imposing air of conviction, furnished

with the most prodigal erudition, and struck out many ingenious combinations: besides, the importance or the curiosity of the topics awed or delighted his readers; the principle, however licentious, by the surprise it raised, seduced the lovers of novelties. Father HARDOUIN had studied as hard as WARBURTON, rose as early, and retired to rest as late, and the obliquity of his intellect resembled that of WARBURTON —but he was a far inferior genius; he only discovered, that the classical works of antiquity, the finest compositions of the human mind, in ages of its utmost refinement, had been composed by the droning monks of the middle ages; a discovery which only surprised by its tasteless absurdity — but the absurdities of WARBURTON had more dignity, were more delightful, and more dangerous: they existed, as it

were in a state of illusion, but illusion which required as much genius and learning as his own to dissipate. His spells were to be disturbed only by a magician, great as himself. Conducted by this solitary principle, WARBURTON undertook, as it were, a magical voyage into antiquity. He passed over the ocean of time, sailing amidst rocks, and half lost on quicksands; but he never failed to raise up some *terra incognita;* or point at some scene of the *Fata Morgana,* some earthly spot, painted in the heaven one knows not how.

With the single principle then before us, of resolving to *invent,* what no other one had said, by *conjecture* and *assertion;* and to maintain his infallibility, with all the pride of a Sophist, and all the fierceness of an Inquisitor, we have the key to all the quarrels by which this great

mind so long supported his literary usurpations.

The first step the giant took shewed the mightiness of his stride. His first great work was the famous "Alliance between Church and State." It surprized the world, who saw the most important subject depending on a mere *curious* argument, which, like all political theories, was liable to be overthrown by another set of writers [q]. The term "Alliance"

[q] The author of "The Canons of Criticism" addressed a severe sonnet to WARBURTON—and alludes to the "Alliance:"—

"Reign he sole king in paradoxal land,
And for Utopia plan his idle schemes
Of *visionary leagues, alliance vain*
'Twixt WILL *and* WARBURTON ——"

On which he adds this note, humorously stating the grand position of the work. "The whole argument,

seemed also to infer that the *Church* was an independent power, forming a contract with the *State*, not acknowledging that it is only an integral part, like that of the *Army* or the *Navy* *. WARBURTON, who had studied HOBBES, had not probably decided, at that time, on the principle of Ecclesiastical power: whether it was para-

by which the *Alliance between Church and State* is established, Mr. WARBURTON founds upon this supposition, 'that people, considering themselves in a religious capacity, may contract with themselves, considered in a civil capacity.' The conceit is ingenious, but is not his own. Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem, had found it out long ago: he considers himself as acting the different parts of all the servants in the family; and so Scrub the Coachman, Ploughman, or Justice's Clerk, might contract with Scrub the Butler, for such a quantity of ale as the other assumed character demanded." Appendix, p. 261.

* Monthly Review, vol. xvi. 324.

mount by its divine origin, as one party asserted; or, as the new philosophers, HOBBES, SELDEN, and others, insisted, that the Spiritual was secondary to the Civil power[R].

The intrepidity of this vast genius appears in the plan of his greater work. The omission of a future state of Reward and Punishment, in the Mosaic writings, was

[R] I shall state, in the Article HOBBES, his system. The great SELDEN was an *Erastian*; a distinction so extremely obscure, that it was long before I discovered that *Erastus* was a Swiss physician of little note, who was for restraining the ecclesiastical power ~~from all~~ temporal jurisdiction. SELDEN did him the honour of adopting his principles. SELDEN wrote against the *divine right* of Tythes, but allowed the *legal* right; which gave, at first, great offence to the Clergy, who afterwards perceived the propriety of his argument, as WOTTON has fully acknowledged.

perpetually urged as a proof that his mission was not of divine origin: the ablest defenders were straining at obscure or figurative passages, to force unsatisfactory inferences; but they were looking after what could not be found. WARBURTON at once boldly acknowledged it was not there! at once adopted all the objections of the Infidels, and roused the curiosity of both parties, by the hardy assertion, that this very *omission* was a *demonstration* of its divine origin [s].

[s] It does not always enter into the design of these Volumes to examine those great works which produced *Literary Quarrels*. But some may be glad to find here a word on this original project.

The grand position of the *Divine Legation* is, that the knowledge of the immortality of the Soul, or a future state of Reward and Punishment, is absolutely necessary in the moral government of the Universe. The Author shews how it has been incul-

The first idea of this new project was bold and delightful, and the plan magnificent. Paganism, Judaism, and Chris-

cated by all good legislators, so that no religion could ever exist without it—but the Jewish could, from its peculiar government, which was Theocracy; a government where the presence of God himself was perpetually manifested by miracles and new ordinances; and hence temporal rewards and punishments were sufficient for that people, to whom the unity and power of the Godhead were never doubtful. As he proceeded, he would have opened a new argument; viz. that the Jewish religion was only the *part* of a Revelation, shewing the necessity of a further one for its *completion*, and this produced Christianity.

When WARBURTON was in good spirits with his great work (for my next Note will shew he was not always so), he wrote thus to a friend: "You judge right, that the *next* volume of the D. L. will not be the *last*. I thought I had told you that I had divided the work into three parts: the first, gives you a

tianity, the three great religions of mankind, were to be marshalled in all their pomp, and their awe, and their mystery.

view of Paganism; the second, of Judaism; and the third, of Christianity. *You will wonder* how this last enquiry can come into *so simple an argument,* as that which I undertake to enforce. I have not room to tell you more than this, that after I have proved a future state not to be, *in fact,* in the Mosaic dispensation; I next shew, that if Christianity be true, *it could not possibly be there* — and this necessitates me to explain the nature of Christianity, with which the whole ends. But this *inter nos.* If it be known, I should possibly have somebody writing against *this part too,* before it appears."

Nichols's Lit. Anec. Vol. V. 551.

Thus he exults in the true tone, and with all the levity of a sophist! It is well that a true feeling of Religion does not depend on the quirks and quibbles of human reasonings, or, what are as fallible, on masses of fanciful erudition.

But the procession changed to a battle! To maintain one great paradox, he was branching out into innumerable ones. This great work was never concluded: he wearied himself, without, however, wearying his readers; and, as his volumes appeared, he was still referring to his argument, "as far as it is yet advanced." The *Demonstration* appeared in great danger of ending in a *Conjecture;* and this Work, always beginning and never ending, proved to be the glory and misery of his life [T].

[T] WARBURTON lost himself in the labyrinth he had so ingeniously constructed. This Work harassed his days, and exhausted his intellect. Observe the tortures of a mind, even of so great a mind as that of WARBURTON'S, when it sacrifices all to the perishable vanity of sudden celebrity. Often he flew from his task, in utter exhaustion and despair. He had quitted the smooth and even line of Truth, to wind about and split himself on all the crookedness of

In perpetual conflict with those numerous adversaries it roused, WARBURTON often paradoxes. How he paints his feelings, in a letter to BIRCH! He says, "I was so disgusted with an old subject, that I had deferred it from month to month, and year to year." He had recourse to "an expedient," which was, "to set the press on work, and so oblige himself to supply copy."—Such is the confession of the Author of the Divine Legation! this "Encyclopædia" of all ancient and modern lore, all to proceed from "a simple argument!" But when he describes his sufferings, hard is the heart of that literary man, who cannot sympathise with such a giant caught in the toils! I give his words:—"Distractions of various kinds, inseparable from human life, joined with a naturally melancholy habit, contribute greatly to increase my indolence. This makes my reading wild and desultory, and I seek refuge from *the uneasiness of thought*, from any book, let it be what it will.—*By my manner of writing upon subjects, you would naturally imagine they afford me pleasure, and attach me thoroughly. I will assure you,* No!" *Nichols's Lit. Anec.* vol. v. 562.

shifted his ground, and broke into so many divisions, that when he cried out, Victory!

WARBURTON had not the cares of a family: they were merely literary ones. The secret cause of his "melancholy" and his "indolence," and that "want of attachment and pleasure to his subjects," which his friends "naturally imagined" afforded him so much — was the controversies he had kindled, and the polemical battles he had raised about him. However boldly he attacked in return, his heart often sickened in privacy; for how often must he have beheld his noble and his whimsical edifices built on sands, which the waters were perpetually eating into!

At the last interview of WARBURTON with POPE, the dying Poet exhorted him to proceed with "The Divine Legation." "Your reputation," said he, "as well as your duty, is concerned in it. People say you can get no farther in your proof. Nay, Lord Bolingbroke himself bids me expect no such thing." This anecdote is rather extraordinary; for it appears in *Owen Ruffhead's Life of Pope*, p. 497, a work written under the eye of WARBURTON himself, and in which I think I could point out some strong

his scattered forces seemed rather to be in flight, than in pursuit! [u]

touches from his own hand, on certain important occasions, when he would not trust to the creeping dullness of *Ruffhead*.

[u] His temerity had raised against him not only Infidels, but Christians. It was now a strange sight to behold, that if any pious clergyman wrote in favour of the opinion that God's people believed in the immortality of the soul, which can we doubt they did? and Menasseh Ben Israel has written his Treatise "De Resurrectione Mortuorum," to prove—that a bishop should anathematise so rational and religious a creed! Even Dr. BALGUY confessed to WARBURTON, that "there was one thing in the argument of the D. L. that stuck more with candid men than all the rest; how a religion, without a future state, could be worthy of God!" This WARBURTON promised to satisfy by a fresh Appendix! His volatile genius, however, was condemned to "the pelting of a merciless storm." LOWTH told him:—"You give yourself out as *Demonstrator* of the

The same SECRET PRINCIPLE led him to turn the poetical narrative of Æneas in the infernal regions, an episode evidently imitated by Virgil from his Grecian master, into a minute description of the initiation into the Eleusinian Mysteries. A notion so perfectly new, was at least worth a trivial truth. Was it not delightful, to have so many particulars detailed of a secret transaction, which even its contemporaries of two thousand years ago did not presume to know any thing about? Father Hardouin seems to have opened the way for WARBURTON, since he had disco-

Divine Legation of Moses—it has been often demonstrated before—a young student in Theology might undertake to give a better, that is, a more satisfactory and irrefragable demonstration of it, in five pages, than you have done in five volumes."

LOWTH's Letter to WARBURTON, p. 12.

vered that the whole Æneid was an allegorical voyage of St. Peter to Rome! When JORTIN, in one of his "Six Dissertations," modestly illustrated Virgil by an interpretation inconsistent with the strange discovery, it produced a memorable quarrel. Then HURD, the future shield, scarcely the sword, of WARBURTON, made his first sally; a dapper, subtle, and cold-blooded champion, who could dextrously turn about the polished weapon of Irony. So much our *Railleur* admired the volume of JORTIN, that he favoured him with "A Seventh Dissertation, addressed to the Author of the Sixth, on the Delicacy of Friendship," one of the most malignant, but the keenest pieces of irony. It served as the foundation of that new School of Criticism, where the arrogance of the Master was to be supported by the

Pupil's contempt of men, often his superiors. To have interpreted Virgil differently from the modern Stagirite, was, by the aggravating art of the Ridiculer, to be considered as the violation of a moral feeling [x]. JORTIN bore the slow tor-

[x] The Attic irony was translated into plain English, in "Remarks on Dr. WARBURTON's Account of the sentiments of the early Jews, 1757;" and the following rules for all who dissented from WARBURTON are deduced.—"You must not write on the same subject that he does. You must not glance at his arguments, even without naming him or so much as referring to him. If you find his reasonings ever so faulty, you must not presume to furnish him with better of your own, even though you prove, and are desirous to support his conclusions. When you design him a compliment, you must express it in full form, and with all the circumstance of panegyrical approbation, without impertinently qualifying your civilities by assigning a reason why you think he deserves them; as this might possibly

ture, and the teasing of HURD's dissecting knife, in dignified silence.

At length a rising genius demonstrated how Virgil could not have described the Eleusinian Mysteries in the sixth book of the Æneid. One blow from the arm of GIBBON shivered the allegorical fairy palace, into glittering fragments [Y].

be taken for a hint that you know something of the matter he is writing about, as well as himself. You must never call any of his *discoveries* by the name of *Conjectures*, though you allow them their full proportion of elegance, learning, &c.; for you ought to know, that this capital genius never proposed any thing to the judgment of the Public (though ever so new and uncommon), with diffidence in his life. Thus stands the decree prescribing our demeanour towards this sovereign in the Republic of Letters, as we find it promulged, and bearing date at the palace of Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 25, 1755"—From whence HURD's "Seventh Dissertation" was dated.

[Y] GIBBON's "Critical Observations on the

When the sceptical MIDDLETON, in his "Essay on the Gift of Tongues," pretended to think that "an inspired language would be perfect in its kind, with all the purity of Plato and the eloquence of Cicero," and then asserted that "the style of the New Testament was utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding with every fault that can possibly deform a language;" WARBURTON, as was his custom, instantly acquiesced; but hardily maintained that "*this very barbarism was one certain mark of a divine original* [z]."—The

Design of the Sixth Book of the Æneid." Dr. PARR considers this clear, elegant, and decisive work of criticism, as a complete refutation of WARBURTON's discovery.

[z] It is curious enough to observe, that WARBURTON himself, acknowledging this to be a paradox, exultingly exclaims, "Which, *like so many others* I have had the ODD FORTUNE to advance, will be seen

curious may follow his subtile argument in his "Doctrine of Grace;" but, in deliver-

to be only another name for Truth." This has all the levity of a Sophist's language! Could not some of the most important subjects be understood and defended, but by WARBURTON'S "*odd fortune?*"—It was this levity of ideas that raised a suspicion that he was not always sincere. He writes, in a letter, of "living in mere spite, to rub another volume of the Divine Legation in the noses of bigots and zealots." He employs the most ludicrous images, and the coarsest phrases, on the most solemn subjects. In one of his most unlucky paradoxes with LOWTH, on the age and style of the writings of Job, he accuses that elegant scholar of deficient discernment; and, in respect to style, as not "distinguishing partridge from horseflesh;" and in quoting some of the poetical passages, of "paying with an old song," and "giving rhime for reason." Alluding to some one of his adversaries, whom he calls "the weakest, as well as the wickedest, of all mankind," he employs a striking image: "I shall hang him and

ing this paradox, he struck at the fundamental principles of eloquence: he dilated on all the abuses of that human art. It was precisely his utter want of taste, which afforded him so copious an argument; for he asserted, that the principles of eloquence were arbitrary and chimerical, and its various modes "mostly fantastical;" and that, consequently, there was no such thing as a good taste [AA], except what the

his fellows, as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to posterity, to stick and blacken in the wind."

[AA] WARBURTON, in this work (the Doctrine of Grace), has a curious passage, too long to quote, where he acknowledges that "The Indian and Asiatic eloquence were esteemed hyperbolic and puerile by the more phlegmatic inhabitants of Rome and Athens: and the Western eloquence, in its turn, frigid or insipid, to the hardy and inflamed imaginations of the East. The same expression, which

consent of the learned had made; an expression borrowed from Quintilian — A plausible and a consolatory argument for the greater part of mankind! It however roused the indignation of LELAND, the eloquent translator of Demosthenes, and the rhetorical professor at Trinity College, in Dublin. His classic anger and taste

in one place had the utmost simplicity, had in another the utmost sublime." The Jackall, too, echoes the roar of the Lion; for the polished sycophant HURD, whose taste was far more decided than WARBURTON'S, was bold enough to add, in his Letter to LELAND, "That which is thought supremely *elegant* in one country, passes in another for *finical*; while what in this country is accepted under the idea of *sublimity*, is derided in that other as no better than *bombast*." So unsettled were the *no-taste* of WARBURTON, and the *prim-taste* of HURD! but LELAND has nobly defended the cause of classical taste and feeling, by profounder principles.

produced his "Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence;" a volume so much esteemed, that it is still reprinted. LELAND refuted the whimsical paradox, yet complimented WARBURTON, who, "with the spirit and energy of an ancient orator, was writing against eloquence," while he shewed that the style of the New Testament was defensible on surer grounds. HURD, who had fleshed his polished weapon on poor JORTIN, and had been received into the arms of the Hero under whom he now fought, adventured to cast his javelin at LELAND: it was dipt in the cold poison of contempt and petulance. It struck, but did not canker, leaves that were immortal [BB]. LELAND, with the

[BB] The Letter to LELAND is characterised in the Critical Review for April 1765, as the work of "a preferment-hunting toad-eater, who, while his Pa-

native warmth of his soil, could not resist the gratification of a reply; but the nobler part of the triumph was, the assistance he lent to the circulation of HURD's letter, by reprinting it with his own reply, to accompany a new edition of his "Dissertation on Eloquence."

We now pursue the SECRET PRINCIPLE, operating on lighter topics; when, turning commentator, with the same originality as when an author, his character as a literary adventurer is still more prominent, extorting double senses, discovering the most fantastical allusions, and making men of genius but of confined reading, learned, with all the lumber of his own unwieldy erudition.

tron happened to go out of his depth, tells him that he is treading good ground; but at the same time offers him the use of a cork-jacket to keep him above water."

When the German Professor CROUSAZ published a rigid examen of the doctrines in POPE's Essay on Man, WARBURTON volunteered a defence of POPE. Some years before, it appears, that WARBURTON himself, in a literary club at Newark, had produced a dissertation against those very doctrines! where he asserted that "the Essay was collected from the worst passages of the worst authors." This probably occurred at the time he declared that POPE had no genius! BOLINGBROKE really WROTE the *Essay on Man,* which POPE *versified* [cc]. His principles may be often

[cc] In a rough attack on WARBURTON, respecting POPE's privately printing 1500 copies of the "Patriot King" of BOLINGBROKE, which I conceive to have been written by MALLET, I find a particular account of the manner in which the "Essay on Man" was written, over which JOHNSON seems to throw great doubts; and since I have discovered the present

objectionable; but those who only read this fine philosophical poem for its condensed verse, its imagery, and its gene-

curious story, I have also found a letter by Dr. BLAIR, inserted in Boswell's Life of Johnson, which strongly confirms the whole, as received from the mouth of Lord Bathurst.

The writer of this angry Epistle, in addressing WARBURTON, says: "If you were as intimate with Mr. POPE as you pretend, you must know the truth of a fact which several others, as well as I, who never had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Lord BOLINGBROKE or Mr. POPE, have heard. The fact was related to me by a certain senior fellow of one of our Universities, who was very intimate with Mr. POPE. He started some objections, one day, at Mr. POPE's house, to the doctrine contained in the Ethic Epistles: upon which Mr. POPE told him, that he would soon convince him of the truth of it, by laying the argument at large before him; for which purpose he gave him *a large prose manuscript* to peruse, telling him, at the same time, the author's name. From this per-

rous sentiments, will run no danger from a metaphysical system they will not care to comprehend.

usal, whatever other conviction the Doctor might receive, he collected at least this: that Mr. POPE had from his friend not only the *doctrine*, but even the *finest and strongest ornaments of his Ethics*. Now, if this fact be true (as I question not but you know it to be so), I believe no man of candour will attribute such merit to Mr. POPE as you would insinuate, for acknowledging the wisdom and the friendship of the man who was his instructor in philosophy; nor consequently that this acknowledgment, and the *dedication of his own system, put into a poetical dress by Mr. Pope*, laid his Lordship under the necessity of never resenting any injury done to him by the Poet afterwards. Mr. POPE told no more than literal truth, in calling Lord BOLINGBROKE his *guide, philosopher, and friend*." The existence of this very manuscript volume is authenticated by Lord BATHURST, in the conversation with Dr. BLAIR and others, where he said, "he had read the MS. in Lord BOLINGBROKE's hand-writing, and was at a loss

But this serves not as an apology for WARBURTON, who now undertook an elaborate defence of what he had himself condemned, and for which purpose he has most unjustly depressed Crousaz — an able logician, and a writer ardent in the cause of Religion This Commentary on the Essay on Man, then, looks much like the work of a sophist, and an adventurer! POPE, who was now alarmed at the tendency of some of those principles he had so innocently versified, received WARBURTON as his tutelary genius. A mere poet was soon dazzled by the sorcery of erudition; and he himself having nothing of that kind of

whether most to admire the elegance of Lord BOLINGBROKE's prose, or the beauty of Mr. POPE's verse."— No fact can now rest on sounder authority; and this disputed point has now been finally ascertained.

learning, POPE believed WARBURTON to be the Scaliger of the age, for his gratitude far exceeded his knowledge [DD]. The

[DD] Of many instances, the following one is the most curious. When Jarvis published his Don Quixote, WARBURTON, who was prompt on whatever subject was started, presented him with "A Dissertation on the Origin of the books of Chivalry." When it appeared, it threw POPE, their common friend, into raptures. He writes, "I knew you as certainly as the Ancients did the Gods, by the first pace and the very gait." True enough! WARBURTON's strong genius stampt itself on all his works. But neither the translating painter, nor the simple poet, could imagine the heap of absurdities they were admiring! Whatever WARBURTON here asserted was false, and whatever he conjectured was erroneous; but his blunders were more original.—The good sense and knowledge of TYRWHITT have demolished the whole edifice, without leaving a single brick standing. The absurd rhapsody has been worth preserving, for the sake of the masterly con-

Poet died in this delusion: he consigned his immortal works to the mercy of a ridiculous commentary and a tasteless commentator, whose labours have cost so much pains to subsequent editors to remove. Yet from this moment we date the worldly fortunes of WARBURTON.—POPE presented him with the entire property of his works; introduced him to a blind and obedient Patron, who bestowed on him a rich wife, by whom he secured a fine seat; till, at length, the mitre crowned his last ambition. Such was the large chapter of accidents in WARBURTON's life!

There appears in WARBURTON's conduct respecting the editions of those great Poets

futation: no uncommon result of WARBURTON's literary labours!

It forms the concluding note to Shakespeare's Love's Labour Lost.

which he afterwards published, something quite systematic; for he treated the several editors of those very poets, THEOBALD, HANMER, and GREY, who were his friends, with the same odd sort of kindness: when he was unknown to the world, he cheerfully contributed to all their labours, and afterwards abused them with the liveliest severity [EE]. It is probable, that he had

[EE] Of THEOBALD he was once the companion, and to Sir Thomas HANMER he offered his notes for Sir Thomas's edition. Sir Thomas says he found WARBURTON's Notes "sometimes just, but mostly wild and out of the way." WARBURTON paid a visit to Sir Thomas for a week, which Sir Thomas conceived was to assist in perfecting his darling text; but hints were now dropt by WARBURTON, that *he* might publish the work corrected, by which a greater sum of money might be got, instead of that plaything of Sir Thomas, that shines in all its splendor in the Dunciad; but this project did not suit Sir

himself projected these editions as a source of profit, but had at first contributed to the

Thomas, whose life seemed greatly to depend on the magnificent Oxford edition, which "was not to go into the hands of booksellers." On this, WARBURTON "flew into a great rage, and there is an end of the story." With what haughtiness he treats these two friends, for once they were such! Had the Dey of Algiers been the editor of Shakspeare, he could not have issued his orders more peremptorily for the decapitation of his rivals. Of THEOBALD and HANMER he says, "the one was recommended to me as a poor man, the other as a poor critick; and to each of them at different times I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. Mr. THEOBALD was naturally turned to industry and labour. What he read he could transcribe; but as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill express, so he read on; and by that means got a character of learning, without risking to every observer the imputation of wanting a better talent."—See what it is to enjoy too close an intimacy

more advanced labours of his rival editors, merely as specimens of his talent, that the

with a man of wit! "As for the Oxford Editor, he wanted nothing (alluding to THEOBALD'S want of money) but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critick," &c. &c.—Warburton's Preface to Shakspeare.

His conduct to Dr. GREY, the editor of Hudibras, cannot be accounted for by any known fact. I have already noticed their quarrel in the "Calamities of Authors," Vol. i. WARBURTON cheerfully supplied GREY with various notes on Hudibras, though he said he had thought of an edition himself, and they were gratefully acknowledged in GREY'S Preface; but behold! shortly afterwards they are saluted by WARBURTON as "an execrable heap of nonsense;" further, he insulted Dr. GREY for the *number* of his publications! Poor Dr. GREY and his "Coadjutors," as WARBURTON sneeringly called others of his friends, resented this by "A free and familiar Letter to that great Preserver of Pope and Shakspeare, the Rev. Mr. William Warburton." The Doctor insisted, that WARBURTON had had sufficient share in those very notes,

public might hereafter be thus prepared for his own more perfect Commentaries.

WARBURTON employed no little art [FF] in exciting the public curiosity respecting

to be considered as one of the "Coadjutors." "I may venture to say, that whoever was the *fool of the company* before he entered (or the *fool of the piece*, in his own diction) he was certainly so after he engaged in that work; for, as Ben Jonson observes, 'he that *thinks* himself the *Master-Wit*, is commonly the *Master-Fool*.'"

[FF] WARBURTON certainly used little intrigues: he trafficked with the obscure Reviews of the times. He was a correspondent in "The Works of the Learned," where the account of his first volume of the Divine Legation, he says, is "a nonsensical piece of stuff;" and when Dr. Doddridge offered to draw up an article for his second, the favour was accepted, and it was sent to the miserable journal, though acknowledged "to be too good for it." In the same journal were republished all his specimens of Shakspeare, some years after they had appeared

his future Shakespeare: first, he liberally presented Dr. BIRCH with his MS notes, for that great work the General Dictionary,

in the General Dictionary, with a high character of these wonderful discoveries. — "The Alliance," when first published, was announced in "The present State of the Republic of Letters," to be the work of a gentleman, whose capacity, judgment, and learning, deserve some eminent dignity in the Church of England, of which he is now an inferior minister."— One may presume to guess at "the Gentleman," a little impatient for promotion, who so much cared whether WARBURTON was only "now an inferior minister."

These are little arts. Another was, that WARBURTON sometimes acted Falstaff's part, and ran his sword through the dead! In more instances than one this occurred. Sir THOMAS HANMER was dead when WARBURTON, now a bishop, ventured to assert that Sir Thomas's letter concerning their intercourse about the Shakespeare was "one continued false-

no doubt as the prelude of his after-celebrated Edition. BIRCH was here only

hood from beginning to end." The honour and veracity of HANMER must prevail over the "liveliness" of WARBURTON, for HURD lauds his "*lively* preface to his Shakespeare." But the Biog. Brit. bears marks of WARBURTON's violence, in a cancelled sheet. See the *Index*, art. *Hanmer*. — He did not choose to attack Dr. MIDDLETON in form, during his lifetime, but reserved his blow when his antagonist was no more. I find in COLE's MSS. this curious passage: — "It was thought, at Cambridge, that Dr. MIDDLETON and Dr. WARBURTON did not cordially esteem one another; yet both being keen and thorough sportsmen, they were mutually afraid to engage each other, for fear of a fall. If that was the case, the Bishop judged prudently, however fairly it may be looked upon, to stay till it was out of the power of his adversary to make any reply, before he gave his answer." WARBURTON only replied to MIDDLETON's Letter from Rome, in his 4th edit. of the D. L. 1765. — When DYSON firmly defended his

a dupe: he escaped, unlike Theobald, Hanmer, and Grey, from being overwhelmed with ridicule and contempt.—When these extraordinary specimens of emendatory and illustrative criticism appeared, with general readers they excited all the astonishment of perfect novelty. It must have occurred to them, that no one as yet had understood Shakespeare; and, indeed, that it required no less erudition than that of the new luminary now rising in the critical horizon, to display the amazing erudition of this most recondite poet. Every striking passage was wrested into a new meaning: here words were to be changed, quite opposite to what they were; here one line was rejected; and here an

friend AKENSIDE from the rude attacks of WARBURTON, it is observed, that he bore them with "prudent patience:" he never replied!

interpolation, inspired alone by critical sagacity, pretended to restore a lost one; and finally, a source of knowledge was opened in the notes, on subjects which no other critic suspected could, in the remotest degree, stand connected with Shakespeare's text.

At length the memorable edition appeared: all the world knows its chimeras [GG]. One of its most remarkable

[GG] These critical *extravaganzas* are scarcely to be paralleled with BENTLEY'S Notes on Milton. How WARBURTON turned "an allegorical mermaid" into "the Queen of Scots;"—shewed how Shakespeare, in one word, and with one epithet, "the majestic world," described the *Orbis Romanus*, alluded to the Olympic Games, &c.: yet, after all this discovery, the Poet seems rather to allude to a story about Alexander, which WARBURTON happened to recollect at that moment;—and how he illustrated Octavia's idea of the fatal consequences of a civil war between Cæsar and Anthony, who said it would "cleave the

results was, the production of that work, which annihilated the whimsical labours of WARBURTON:—This is, EDWARDS's

world," by the story of Curtius leaping into the chasm;—how he rejected "*allowed*, with absolute power," as not English, and read "*hallowed*," on the authority of the Roman Tribuneship being called *Sacro-sancta Potestas*;—how his emendations often rose from puns; as for instance, when, in Romeo and Juliet, it is said of the Friar, that "the City is much obliged to *him*," our new Critic consents to the sound of the word, but not to the spelling, and reads *hymn*; that is, to laud, to praise!—when Armado bids his page Moth to "follow," Moth replies, "Like the *sequel*;" a humorous reply for the urchin, and a jest upon *a sequel*, perfectly understood till the new Critic poured a note to shew it alluded to *La sequelle*, which, in French, means a great man's train; and "the jest is, that a single page was all his train!"—These, and still more extraordinary instances of perverting ingenuity and abused erudition, would form an uncommon specimen of Criti-

"Canons of Criticism," one of the very best pieces of facetious criticism, of which our literary history may boast of a few. JOHNSON, awed by the learning of WARBURTON, and warmed by a personal feeling for a great genius who had condescended to encourage his first critical labour [HH], grudgingly bestows a moderated

cism, which may be justly ridiculed, but which none, except an exuberant genius, could have produced — The most amusing work possible would be a real Warburton's Shakespeare, which should contain not a single thought, and scarcely an expression, of Shakespeare's!

[HH] Had JOHNSON known as much as we do of WARBURTON'S opinion of his critical powers, it would have gone far to have cured his amiable prejudice in favour of WARBURTON, who really was a critic without taste, and who considered Literature as some do Politics, merely as a party-business. I shall give a remarkable instance. When JOHNSON

praise on this exquisite satire, which he characterises for "its airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy."

published his first critical attempt on "Macbeth," he commended the critical talents of WARBURTON; and WARBURTON returned the compliment in the preface to his Shakespeare, and distinguishes JOHNSON as "a man of parts and genius." But, unluckily, JOHNSON afterwards published his own edition; and, in his editorial capacity, his public duty prevailed over his personal feelings: all this went against WARBURTON; and the opinions he now formed of JOHNSON were suddenly those of insolent contempt. In a letter to his polished sycophant HURD, he writes: "Of *this Johnson* you and I, I believe, think alike!" And to another friend: "The remarks he makes, in every page, on *my Commentaries*, are full of *insolence and malignant reflections*, which, had they not in them *as much folly as malignity*, I should have reason to be offended with." He consoles himself, however, that JOHNSON'S notes, accompanying his own, will enable even "the tri-

He compared this attack "to a fly, which may sting and tease a horse, but yet the horse is the nobler animal." Among the prejudices of Criticism, is one which hinders us from relishing a masterly performance, when it ridicules a favourite author; but to us, mere historians, Truth will always prevail over literary favouritism. The Work of EDWARDS is decisive of its purpose, of "laughing down WARBURTON to his proper rank and character."

fling part of the public"—not to mistake in the comparison.

Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. v. 595.

And what became of JOHNSON's noble Preface to Shakespeare? Not a word on that!—WARBURTON, who himself had written so many spirited ones, perhaps did not like to read one finer than his own,—so he passed it by! He travelled through Egypt, but held his hands before his eyes, at a Pyramid!

WARBURTON designates himself as "a Critic by profession;" and tells us, he gave this Edition "to deter the *unlearned writer* from wantonly trifling with an art he is a stranger to, at the expence of the integrity of the text of established authors." EDWARDS has placed a N. B. on this declaration:—"A writer may properly be called *unlearned*, who, notwithstanding all his other knowledge, does not understand the subject which he writes upon." But the most dogmatical absurdity was WARBURTON's declaration, that it was once his design to have given "a body of Canons for Criticism, drawn out in form, with a Glossary;" and further he informs the Reader, that though this has not been done by him, if the Reader will take the trouble, he may supply himself, as these Canons of Criticism lie scattered in the

course of the Notes. This idea was seized on with infinite humour by EDWARDS, who, from these very Notes, has framed a set of "Canons of Criticism," as ridiculous as possible; but every one is illustrated by authentic examples, drawn from the labours of our new Stagirite [11].

[11] Some grave dull men, who did not relish the jests, doubtless the booksellers, who, to buy the *name of Warburton*, had paid down £. 500 for the Edition, loudly complained that EDWARDS had injured both him and them, by stopping the sale! On this EDWARDS expresses his surprize, how "a little twelve-penny pamphlet could stop the progress of eight large octavo volumes;" and apologises, by applying a humorous story to WARBURTON, for "puffing himself off in the world for what he is not, and now being discovered."— "I am just in the case of a friend of mine, who, going to visit an acquaintance, upon entering his room, met a person going out of it:—'Prythee,

At length, when the Public had decided on the fate of WARBURTON'S Edition, it was confessed, that the Editor's design

Jack,' says he, 'what do you do with that fellow?' 'Why, 'tis Don Pedro di Mondongo, my Spanish Master.' — 'Spanish Master!' replies my friend; 'why, he's an errant Teague; I know the fellow well enough: 'tis Rory Gehagan. He may possibly have been in Spain; but, depend on't, he will sell you the Tipperary brogue for pure Castilian.' Now honest Rory has just the same reason of complaint against this gentleman, as Mr. WARBURTON has against me, and I suppose abused him as heartily for it; but nevertheless the gentleman did both parties justice."

Some secret history is attached to this publication, so fatal to WARBURTON'S critical character in English Literature. This satire, like too many which have sprung out of LITERARY QUARRELS, arose from *personal motives!* When EDWARDS, in early life, after quitting College, entered the army, he was on a visit at Mr. Allen's, at Bath, whose niece WAR-

had never been to explain Shakespeare! and that he was even conscious he had frequently imputed to the Poet, meanings

BURTON after married. Literary subjects formed the usual conversation. WARBURTON, not suspecting the Red Coat of covering any Greek, shewed his accustomed dogmatical superiority. Once, when the controversy was running high, EDWARDS taking down a Greek author, explained a passage in a manner quite contrary to WARBURTON. He did unluckily something more—he shewed that WARBURTON's mistake had arisen from having used a French translation!—and all this before Ralph Allen and his Niece! The doughty Critic was at once silenced, in sullen indignation and mortal hatred. To this circumstance is attributed EDWARDS's Canons of Criticism, which were followed up by WARBURTON with incessant attacks; in every new edition of POPE, in the Essay on Criticism, and the Dunciad. WARBURTON asserts that EDWARDS is a very dull writer (witness the pleasantry that carries one through a volume of no small size), that he is a libeller (because he ruined the critical character of WARBUR-

which he never thought! Our Critic's great object was to display his own learning! WARBURTON wrote for Warburton, and not for Shakespeare! and the literary imposture almost rivals the confessions of Lauder or Psalmanazar!

TON) — and "a libeller (says WARBURTON, with poignancy), is nothing but a Grub-street critic run to seed." — He compares EDWARDS's wit and learning to his ancestor Tom Thimble's, in the Rehearsal (because EDWARDS read Greek Authors in their original); and his air of good-nature and politeness, to Caliban's in the Tempest (because he had so keenly written the Canons of Criticism). — I once saw a great literary curiosity: some *proof-sheets* of the *Dunciad* of WARBURTON's Edition. I observed that some of the bitterest notes were *after-thoughts*, written on those proof-sheets after he had prepared the book for the press—one of these additions was his Note on EDWARDS. Thus POPE's book became a perpetual source of all the personal hostilities of this singular genius!

The same SECRET PRINCIPLE was pursued in his absurd edition of POPE. He formed an unbroken Commentary on the "Essay on Criticism," to shew that that admirable collection of precepts had been constructed by a systematical method, which it is well known the Poet never designed; and the same instruments of torture were here used as in the "Essay on Man," to reconcile a system of Fatalism to the doctrines of Revelation [KK]. WARTON had to

[KK] In the Richardsoniana, p. 264, the younger Richardson, who was admitted to the intimacy of POPE, and collated the Press for him, gives some curious information about WARBURTON's Commentary, both upon the *Essay on Man* and the *Essay on Criticism*. "WARBURTON's Discovery of the 'regularity' of POPE's Essay on Criticism and 'the whole scheme' of his Essay on Man, I happen to *know* to be mere absurd refinement in creating conformities; and this from POPE himself, though he thought fit to

remove the incumbrance of his Commentaries on POPE, while a most laborious confederacy zealously performed the same

adopt them afterwards." The genius of WARBURTON might not have found an invincible difficulty in proving that the "Essay on Criticism" was in fact an "Essay on Man," and the reverse. POPE, before he knew WARBURTON, always spoke of his "Essay on Criticism" as "an irregular collection of thoughts thrown together as Horace's Art of Poetry was." As for the "Essay on Man," says Richardson, "I *know* that he never dreamed of the scheme he afterwards adopted; but he had taken terror about the Clergy, and WARBURTON himself, at the general alarm of its fatalism and deistical tendency, of which my Father and I talked with him frequently at Twickenham, without his appearing to understand it, or ever thinking to alter those passages which we suggested."—This Extract is long, but the information is authentic; and it assists us in throwing some light on the subtilty of WARBURTON's Critical impositions.

task to relieve Shakespeare. Thus WARBURTON pursued ONE SECRET PRINCIPLE in all his labours; thus he raised edifices which could not be securely inhabited, and were only impediments in the road-way; and these works are now known, by the labours of those who have exerted their skill in laying them in ruins.

WARBURTON was probably aware, that the SECRET PRINCIPLE which regulated his public opinions might lay him open, at numerous points, to the strokes of Ridicule. It is a weapon which every one is willing to use, but seems terrified when pointed against himself. There is no party, or sect, which have not employed it in their most serious controversies: the grave part of mankind protest against it, often at the moment they have been directing it for their own purpose. And the enquiry,

whether Ridicule be a test of Truth, is one of the large controversies in our own Literature. It was opened by Lord SHAFTESBURY, and zealously maintained by his school. AKENSIDE, in a note to his celebrated poem, asserts the efficacy of Ridicule as a test of Truth: Lord KAIMES had just done the same. WARBURTON levelled his piece at the Lord in the bush-fighting of a Note; but came down in the open field with a full discharge of his artillery on the luckless Bard [LL].

The supercilious Critic, under the sneering appellative of "The Poet," and of his "sublime account," insultingly reminding him of "his Master," and

[LL] The postscript to WARBURTON's Dedication to the Freethinkers, is entirely devoted to AKENSIDE; with this bitter opening, "The Poet was too full of the subject and of himself."

shrewdly hinting that he was a "a man of taste;" a new term, as we are to infer, for "a Deist; or, as Akenside alluded to Spinoza (merely for illustration) that he might be something worse. He loudly protests against the practice of Ridicule; but, in attacking its advocate, he is himself an evidence of its efficacy, by keenly ridiculing him and his opinions. DYSON, the patron of AKENSIDE, nobly stepped forwards to rescue his Eagle, panting in the tremendous gripe of the Critical Lion. His defence of AKENSIDE is an argumentative piece of Criticism, on the nature of Ridicule, curious, but wanting the graces of the genius who inspired it[MM].

[MM] "An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON, occasioned by his treatment of the Author of 'The Pleasures of the Imagination,' 1744." While DYSON repels WARBURTON's accusations against "the Poet,"

I shall stop one moment, since it falls into our subject, to record this great literary battle on the use of Ridicule, which has been fought till both parties, after having shed their ink, divide the field without victory or defeat, and now stand looking on each other. After the opposite arguments, a short conclusion may be drawn; and if I fail in the right one, all that I can say will be,

"I suffer for the Truth, Sir; for Jacquenetta is a true girl."

Love's Labour Lost, A. I. S. 1.

he retorts some against the Critic himself. WARBURTON often perplexed a controversy by a subtile change of a word; or by breaking up a sentence; or by contriving some absurdity in the shape of an inference, to get rid of it in a mock triumph. These little weapons against the laws of war, are insidiously practised in the war of words. WARBURTON never replied.

The advocates for the use of RIDICULE maintain that it is a natural sense or feeling, bestowed on us for wise purposes by the Supreme Being, as the others are of Beauty, or of Sublimity—to detect the deformity or absurdity of an object; and that no real virtues, such as Wisdom, Honesty, Bravery, or Generosity, can be ridiculed.

The great Adversary of Ridicule replied, that they did not dare to ridicule the virtues openly; but, by overcharging and distorting features, they could laugh at leisure. "Give them other names; call them but Temerity, Prodigality, Simplicity, &c. and your business is done. Make them ridiculous, and you may go on, in the freedom of wit and humour (thus SHAFTESBURY distinguishes Ridicule) till there be never a virtue left to laugh out of countenance."

The Ridiculers acknowledge that their favourite art may do mischief, when *dishonest men obtrude circumstances foreign to the object,* and we are so inadvertent, as to allow these circumstances to impose upon us. But, they justly urge, the use of Reason itself is full as liable to the same objection: grant SPINOZA his false principles, and his conclusions will be considered as true. DYSON has thrown out an ingenious illustration. "It is so equally in the Mathematics; where, in reasoning about a circle, if we join along with its real properties, others that do not belong to it, our conclusions will certainly be erroneous. Yet who would infer from hence, that *the manner of proof* is defective or fallacious?".

WARBURTON urged the strongest *case* against the use of Ridicule, in that of

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Socrates and Aristophanes. In his strong and coarse illustration he shews, that "by clapping a fool's coat on the most immaculate virtue, it stuck on Socrates like a San Benito, and at last brought him to his execution: it made the owner resemble his direct opposite; that character he was most unlike. The consequences are well known."

WARBURTON has here adopted the popular notion, that the witty buffoon Aristophanes was the occasion of the death of the philosophical Socrates. But the fact is not so. The defence is skilful on the part of DYSON; and we may easily conceive, that on so important a point AKENSIDE had been consulted.—I shall give it in his own words. The result is in favour of the cause of Ridicule.

"The Socrates of Aristophanes is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn; but it is not the character of Socrates himself. The object was perverted: and the mischief which ensued, was owing to the dishonesty of him who persuaded the people that that was the real character of Socrates, not from any error in the faculty of Ridicule itself."—DYSON then states the fact, as it concerned Socrates. "The real intention of the contrivers of this Ridicule was not so much to mislead the people, by giving them a bad opinion of Socrates, as to sound what was, at the time, the general opinion of him, that from thence they might judge whether it would be safe to bring a direct accusation against him. The most effectual way of making this trial was by ridiculing him; for they knew, if the people saw his character in its true light, they would be displeased with the misrepresentation, and not endure the Ridicule. On

trial, this appeared: the play met with its deserved fate; and, notwithstanding the exquisiteness of the wit, was absolutely *rejected*. A second attempt succeeded no better; and the abettors of the Poet were so discouraged from pursuing their design against Socrates, that it was not till ABOVE TWENTY YEARS after *the publication of the Play*, that they brought their accusation against him! It was not, therefore, Ridicule that did, or could destroy Socrates: he was rather sacrificed for the right use of it himself, against the Sophists, who could not bear the test."

Thus, then, stands the argument.—WARBURTON, reasoning on the abuses of Ridicule, has opened to us all its dangers. Its Advocate consents that RIDICULE, to be a test of Truth, must not impose on us circumstances which are foreign to the object. No object can be ridiculed, that is not ridiculous. Should this happen, then

the Ridicule is false; and as such, can be proved, as much as any piece of false reasoning. Ridicule is a taste of congruity and propriety, not possessed by every one; a test, which separates Truth from imposture; a talent against the exercise of which, most men are interested to protest; but which, being founded on the constituent principles of the human mind, is often indulged at the moment it is decried and complained of.

But we must not leave this great man without some notice of that peculiar style of controversy which he adopted, and which may be distinguished among our LITERARY QUARRELS. He founded a School, and he has left his name to describe a Race!—a School and a Race, which the more liberal spirit of the day we live in

would not any longer endure. Who has not heard of THE WARBURTONIANS?

That SECRET PRINCIPLE which conducted WARBURTON in all his Works, and which we have attempted always to pursue, could not have been sufficient to have filled the world with the name of WARBURTON. Other Scholars have published reveries; and they have passed away, after shewing themselves quietly, and leaving no impression; like those coloured and shifting shadows on a wall, with which children are amused. WARBURTON was a literary Revolutionist, who, to maintain a new order of things, required all the despotism of a perpetual Dictator. He probably foresaw all the controversies which were to gather round him. The bold unblushing energy which could lay down the most extravagant positions, was to be maintained by a fierce

dogmatic spirit, and by that peculiar style of mordacious contempt and intolerant insolence, in the beating down of his opponents from all quarters, and the animating cry of triumph, to encourage those more serious minds, who, overcome by his genius, were yet often alarmed by the ambiguous tendency of his speculations [NN.]

[NN] The paradoxical title of his great Work was evidently designed to attract the unwary. "The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated—*from the omission of a future state!*" It was long uncertain whether it was "a covert attack on Christianity, instead of a defence of it." As a Theologian, I have no concern with WARBURTON's character: this has been the business of that polished and elegant scholar, Bishop LOWTH, who has shewn what it is to be "a Quack in Commentatorship, and a Mountebank in Criticism," in Hebrew Literature. He has fully entered into all the absurdity of WARBURTON's "ill-starred Dissertation on Job." It is curious to ob-

The WARBURTONIAN SCHOOL was to be supported by the most licentious principles;

serve, that WARBURTON, in the wild chace of originality, often too boldly took the bull by the horns, for he often adopted the very reasonings and objections of Infidels! — for instance, in arguing on the truth of the Hebrew text, because the words had no points when a living language, he absolutely prefers the Koran for correctness! On this LOWTH observes: "You have been urging the same arguments that *Spinosa* employed, in order to destroy the authority of the Hebrew Scriptures, and to introduce Infidelity and Atheism." He shews further, that "this was also done by "a Society of Gentlemen," in their "Sacerdotism displayed," said to be written by "a Select Committee of the Deists and Freethinkers of Great Britain," whose Author WARBURTON himself represents to be "the forwardest devil of the whole Legion." LOWTH, however, concludes that all the mischief has arisen only from "your Lordship's undertaking to treat of a subject with which you appear to be very much unacquainted."—*Lowth's Letter*, p. 91.

by dictatorial arrogance [oo], by gross invective, and by airy sarcasm [pp]; but

[oo] Lowth remonstrated with Warburton on his "supreme authority,"—"I did not care to protest against the authoritative manner in which you proceeded; or to question *your investiture in the high office of Inquisitor General, and Supreme Judge of the Opinions of the Learned,* which you had long before assumed, and had *exercised with a ferocity and a despotism without example in the Republic of Letters, and hardly to be paralleled among the disciples of Dominic;* exacting their opinions to the standard of your infallibility, and prosecuting with implacable hatred every one that presumed to differ from you."

Lowth's Letter to W. p. 9.

[pp] Warburton had the most cutting way of designating his adversaries, either by the most vehement abuse, or the light petulance that expressed his ineffable contempt. He says to one, "Though your teeth are short, what you want in teeth you have in venom, and know, as all other creatures do, where your strength lies." He thus announces the name of the author of a work on "A future State

the bitter contempt, and its many little artifices of lowering an adversary in the

of Rewards and Punishments," in which were some objections to WARBURTON's theory. It seems the author had acknowledged the work; and thus WARBURTON, in one of his Prefaces to the Divine Legation, with extreme bitterness adds, "I shall, therefore, but do what indeed would be justly reckoned the cruelest of all things, *tell my reader the name of this Miserable;* which we find to be J. TILLARD." "Mr. TILLARD was first condemned, (says the author of "Confusion worse confounded,") as a ruffian that stabs a man in the dark, because he did *not* put his name to his book against the Divine Legation; and afterwards condemned as lost to shame, both as a man and a writer, because he *did* put his name to it."—Would one not imagine this person to be one of the lowest of miscreants? He was a man of fortune and literature. Of this person he says in a letter, "This is a man of fortune, and it is well he is so, for I have spoiled his trade as a writer; and as he was very abusive, free-thinking, and anonymous, I have not spared to expose his

public opinion, was more peculiarly the talent of one of his aptest scholars, the

ignorance and ill faith." But afterwards, having discovered that he was a particular friend to Dr. Oliver, he makes awkward apologies, and declares he would not have *gone so far* had he known this!— He was often so vehement in his abuse, that I find he confesses it himself; for, in preparing a new edition of the Divine Legation, he tells Dr. Birch that he has made "several omissions of passages which were thought *vain, insolent,* and *ill-natured.*"

It is amusing enough to observe how he designates men as great as himself. When he mentions the learned *Hyde,* he places him "at the head of a rabble of lying Orientalists." When he alludes to *Peters,* a very learned and ingenious clergyman, he passes him by as "The Cornish Critic." A friend of Peters observed, that "he had given WARBURTON 'a Cornish hug,' of which he might be sore as long as he lived." Dr. *Taylor,* the learned editor of Demosthenes, he selects from "his fellows," that is, other dunces: a delicacy of expression which offended scholars. He threatens Dr. *Stebbing,* who had

cool, the keen, the sophistical HURD. The lowest arts of confederacy were connived

preserved an anonymous character, " to catch this Eel of Controversy, since he hides his head, by the tail, the only part that sticks out of the mud, more dirty indeed than slippery, and still more weak than dirty, as passing through a trap, where he was forced, at every step, to leave part of his skin, that is, his system." WARBURTON has often true wit. — With what provoking contempt he calls Sir Thomas *Hanmer* always "The Oxford Editor!" and in his attack on *Akenside*, never fails to nickname him, in derision, " The Poet!" I refer the Reader to the Postscript of his Dedication to the Freethinkers, for a curious specimen of supercilious causticity, in his description of Lord Kaimes as a Critic, and Akenside as " The Poet." Of this pair he tells us, in bitter derision, " they are both men of Taste." HURD imitated his Master successfully, by using some qualifying epithet, or giving an adversary some odd nick-name, or discreetly dispensing a little mortifying praise. The antagonists he encounters were men sometimes his superiors, and these he calls " sizeable men." Some are styled

at [oo], prodigal of praise to themselves, and retentive of it to all others; the world

"insect blasphemers!" The learned Lardner is reduced to "the laborious Dr. Lardner;" and Hume's History is treated with the discreet praise of being "the most readable history we have." He carefully hints to LELAND, that "he had never read his works, nor looked into his translations; but what he has *heard* of his writings makes him think favourably of him." Thus, he teases the Rhetorical Professor, by mentioning his "elegant translation, which, *they say*, you have made of Demosthenes!" And he understands that he is "a scholar, who, *they say*, employs himself in works of learning and taste."

LOWTH seems to have discovered this secret art of WARBURTON; for he says, "You have a set of names always at hand, a kind of infamous list, or black calendar, where every offender is sure to find a niche ready to receive him; nothing so easy as the application, and slight provocation is sufficient."

[oo] Sometimes WARBURTON left his battles to be fought by subaltern genius; a circumstance to which LOWTH with keen pleasantry, thus alludes:—

was to be divided into two parts, the *Warburtonians* and the *Antis*.

"Indeed, my lord, I was afterwards much surprised, when, having been with great civility dismissed from your presence, I found *your footman at your door, armed with his master's cane, and falling upon me without mercy;* yourself looking on and approving, and having probably put the weapon, with proper orders, into his hands. You think, it seems, that I ought to have taken my beating quietly and patiently, in respect to the livery which he wore. I was not of so tame a disposition: I wrested the weapon from him, and broke it. Your lordship, it seems, by an oblique blow, got an unlucky rap on the knuckles; though you may thank yourself for it, you lay the blame on me."—Lowth's Letter to W. p. 11.

WARBURTON and HURD frequently concerted together on the manner of attack and defence. In one of these letters of HURD's it is very amusing to read, "*Taylor* is a more creditable dunce than *Webster*—What do you think to do with the Appendix against *Tillard* and *Sykes?* Why might not *Taylor* rank with them," &c. This is something like the style

To establish this new government in the literary world, this great Revolutionist was

of the *Illuminati*, or the London Corresponding Society, breathing nothing but dark conspiracy! The Warburtonians had also a system of *Espionage*. When Dr. Taylor was accused by one of them of having *said* that WARBURTON was no scholar, the learned Grecian replied, that he did not recollect ever *saying* that Dr. WARBURTON was no scholar, but that indeed he had always *thought* so — Hence a tremendous quarrel! HURD, the Mercury of our Jupiter, cast the first light shaft against the Doctor, then Chancellor of Lincoln, by thus alluding to the Preface of his work on Civil Law, as "*a certain thing* prefatory to a learned work, intituled, The Elements of Civil Law:" but at length Jove himself rolled his thunder on the hapless Chancellor. The Doctor had said in his work, that "the Roman Emperors persecuted the first Christians, not so much from a dislike of their tenets, as from a jealousy of their nocturnal assemblies." WARBURTON's doctrine was, that "they held nocturnal assemblies because of the persecution of their enemies." One was the fact,

favoured by Fortune with two important objects; the one was a *Machine*, by which he could wield public opinion; and the

and the other the consequence. But the Chancellor of Lincoln was to be outrageously degraded among the Dunces! that was the real motive; the "nocturnal assemblies" only the ostensible one. A pamphleteer, in defence of the Chancellor, in reply, thought that in "this literary persecution," it might be dangerous if Dr. Taylor should be provoked to *prove in print*, what he only *dropped in conversation*."—How innocent was this gentleman of the arts and stratagems of LOGOMACHY, or Book-wars! The *proof* would not have altered the case: HURD would have disputed it tooth and nail; and some people's *assertions* are much stronger than other persons *proofs*. WARBURTON was running greater risks, every day of his life, than any he was likely to receive from this flourish in the air. The great purpose was to make the Chancellor of Lincoln the butt of his sarcastic pleasantry; and this object was secured by WARBURTON's forty pages of preface, in which the Chancellor stands to be buffeted, like an

other a *Man*, who seemed born to be his Minister, or his Viceroy.

The *Machine* was nothing less than the immortal Works of POPE; as soon as WARBURTON had obtained a royal patent to secure to himself the sole property of POPE'S Works, the public were compelled, under the disguise of a Commentary on the most classical of our Poets, to be concerned with all his literary quarrels, and have his libels and lampoons perpetually before them; all the foul waters of his anger were deposited here as in a common reservoir [PP].

ancient quintain, "a mere lifeless block."—All this came from only *thinking* that WARBURTON was *no scholar!*

[PP] See what I have said at the close of Note [II], p. 98.—In a Collection, entitled "Verses occasioned by Mr. Warburton's late edition of Mr. POPE'S

Fanciful as was the genius of WARBURTON, it delighted too much in its eccentric

Works," 1751, are numerous epigrams, parodies, and similes on it. I give one.

"As on the margin of Thames' silver flood
Stand little *necessary* piles of wood,
So POPE's fair page appears with *notes* disgrac'd:
Put down the nuisances, ye men of taste!"

LOWTH has noticed the use WARBURTON made of his patent for vending POPE. "I thought you might possibly whip me at the cart's tail in a note to the Divine Legation, the ordinary place of your literary executions; or *pillory me in the Dunciad*, another engine which, as legal proprietor, you have very ingeniously and judiciously applied to the same purpose; or perhaps have ordered me a kind of Bridewell correction, by one of your beadles, in a pamphlet." Lowth's Letter to W. p. 4.

WARBURTON carried the licentiousness of the pen in all these notes to the Dunciad, to an height, which can only be paralleled in the gross logomachies of Schioppius, Gronovius, and Sca-

motions, and in its own solitary greatness, amidst abstract and recondite topics, to

liger, and the rest of that snarling crew. But his wit exceeded even his grossness. He was accused of not sparing

"Round-house wit and Wapping choler."

Verses occasioned by Mr. W.'s late Edition of Pope.

And one of his most furious assailants thus salutes him:—"Whether you are a wrangling Wapping attorney, a pedantic pretender to Criticism, an impudent paradoxical priest, or an animal yet stranger, an heterogeneous medley of all three, as your farraginous style seems to confess."—An Epistle to the Author of a Libel entitled A Letter to the Editor of Bolingbroke's Works, &c.

I have ascertained, since writing this Note, that MALLET was the author of this furious Epistle. He would not acknowledge, what he dared not deny. WARBURTON treated MALLET, in this instance, as he often did his superiors—he never replied! The silence seems to have stung this irascible and evil spirit: he returned again to the charge, with another

have fixed the public attention, had not a party been formed around him, at the

poisoned weapon. His rage produced "A familiar Epistle to the most impudent man living, 1749."—The style of this second letter has been characterised as "bad enough to disgrace even gaols and garrets." Its virulence could not well exceed its predecessor. The oddness of its title has made this worthless thing often enquired after. It is merely personal. It is curious to observe MALLET make POPE an object of his pity, and call him "this poor man." *Orator* HENLEY took some pains, on the first appearance of this catching title, to assure his friends that it did not refer to *him*. The title proved contagious; which shews the abuse of WARBURTON was very agreeable. Dr. Z. GREY, under the title of "A Country Curate," published "A free and familiar Letter to the great Refiner of Pope and Shakespeare, 1750;" and in 1753, young CIBBER tried also at "A familiar Epistle to Mr. William Warburton, from Mr. Theophilus Cibber," prefixed to the Life of Barton Booth. Dr. Z. Grey's "freedom and familiarity" are designed to shew WARBUR-

head of which stood the active and subtile HURD; and amidst the gradations of the

TON that he has no wit; but unluckily, the Doctor having none himself, his arguments against WARBURTON'S are not decisive. "The familiarity" of MALLET is that of a scoundrel, and the *younger* CIBBER'S that of an idiot: the genius of WARBURTON was secure. MALLET, by overcharging his gun with the fellest intentions, found that his piece, in bursting, annihilated himself. The pop-gun of *little The.* could never have been heard!

But WARBURTON'S rage was only a part of his *Secret Principle;* for, can any thing be more witty than his attack on poor COOPER, the author of the Life of Socrates? Having called his book "a late worthless and now forgotten thing, called the Life of Socrates," he adds, "where the head of the Author has just made a shift to do the office of a *camera obscura,* and répresent things in an inverted order, himself *above,* and Rollin, Voltaire, and every other author of reputation, *below.*" When COOPER complained of this, and of some severer language, to WARBURTON, by a friend, WARBURTON replied that

votive brotherhood, the profound BALGUY, the spirited BROWN, till we reach

COOPER had attacked him, and that he had only taken his revenge "with a slight joke." COOPER was weak and vain enough to print a pamphlet, to prove that this was a serious accusation, and no joke; and if it was a joke, he shews it was not a correct one. In fact, COOPER could never comprehend how his head was like a *camera obscura!*—COOPER, who was of the Shaftesburian school, who of philosophers pride themselves on "the harmony" of their passions, but strike too often in discords at a slight disturbance, equalled the virulence of WARBURTON's joke, though he could not the wit. "I found (says he), previous to his pretended witticism about the *camera obscura*, such miserable spawn of wretched malice, as nothing but the inflamed brain of a rank monk could conceive, or the oyster-selling maids near London-bridge could utter." One would not suppose all this came from the school of Plato, but rather from the tub of Diogenes!—Something must be allowed for poor COOPER, whose Life of Socrates

"To his tame jackall, parson TOWNE."
Verses on Warburton's late Edition.

was so positively asserted to be "a late worthless and forgotten thing." It is curious enough to observe, after this, our Author declaring, that WARBURTON "has very unfortunately used the word *impudent* (which WARBURTON had applied to him), as it naturally reminds every reader, that the pamphlet published about two years ago, addressed 'to the most impudent man living,' was universally acknowledged to be dedicated to our Commentator."—WARBURTON had always the Dunciad in his head when a new quarrel was rising, which produced an odd blunder on the side of EDWARDS, and provoked that Wit to be as dull as COOPER, who was none. WARBURTON said, in one of his notes on EDWARDS, who had entitled himself "a Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn," "This Gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, is in reality a gentleman only of the Dunciad, or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such Mushrooms, a *Gentleman of the last Edition*."—

This Warburtonian party reminds one of the old custom among our elder Poets,

EDWARDS misunderstood the allusion, and sore at the personal attack which followed, of his having "eluded the solicitude of his careful father," considered himself "degraded of his gentility," that it was a reflection on his birth," and threatened to apply to "Mr. Warburton's Masters of the Bench, for degrading a 'Barrister of their house.'"— This afforded a new triumph to WARBURTON, in a new note, where he explains his meaning of these "Mushrooms," whom he meant merely as literary ones; and assures "Fungoso and his friends, who are all gentlemen, that he meant no more than that EDWARDS had become a gentleman *of the last Edition of the Dunciad!*" EDWARDS and his fungous friends had understood the phrase as applied to new-fangled gentry. One of these Wits, in the Collection of Verses cited above, says to WARBURTON:

"This mushroom has made sauce for you.
He 's meat; thou 'rt poison—plain enough—
If he 's a *mushroom*, thou 'rt a *puff!*"

who formed a kind of free-masonry among themselves, by adopting younger poets by the title of their *Sons*—But that was a domestic society of poets; this, a revival of the Jesuitic order instituted by its founder, that

"By him supported with a proper pride,
They might hold all mankind as fools beside;

WARBURTON had the full command over the DUNCIAD, even when POPE was alive; for, in consequence of his being refused a degree at Oxford, which they offered POPE, who declined it on that account, the Poet produced the celebrated lines of "Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen," in the fourth Dunciad. Thus it is that the personal likes and dislikes of witty men come down to posterity, and are often mistaken as just satire, when, after all, they are nothing but LITERARY QUARRELS, seldom founded on truth, and very often complete falsehoods!

Might, like himself, teach each adopted son,
'Gainst all the world, to quote a WARBURTON [q q]."

CHURCHILL'S Fragment of a Dedication.

The character of a literary sycophant was never more perfectly exhibited than

[q q] WARBURTON, indeed, was always looking about for fresh recruits: a circumstance which appears in the curious Memoirs of the late Dr. HEATHCOTE, which he has written of himself. HEATHCOTE, when young, published, anonymously, a pamphlet in the Middletonian Controversy. By the desire of WARBURTON, the Bookseller transmitted his compliments to the anonymous Author. "I was greatly surprised (says HEATHCOTE); but soon after perceived, that WARBURTON'S state of Authorship being a state of war, *it was his custom to be particularly attentive to all young authors, in hopes of enlisting them into his service.* WARBURTON was more than civil, when necessary, on these occasions, and would procure such adventurers some slight patronage." NICHOLS'S Lit. Anecdotes, vol. v. 536.

in HURD. A Whig in principle, yet he had all a courtier's arts for WARBURTON; to him he devoted all his genius, though that, indeed, was moderate; aided him with all his ingenuity, which was exquisite; and lent his cause a certain delicacy of taste and cultivated elegance, which, although too prim and artificial, was a vein of gold running through his mass of erudition; for it was HURD who aided the usurpation of WARBURTON in the province of Criticism, above Aristotle and Longinus [RR]. HURD is

[RR] We are astonished at the boldness of the minor Critic, when even, after the fatal Edition of WARBURTON's Shakespeare, he should still venture, in the life of his great friend, to assert that "this fine Edition must ever be highly valued by men of sense and taste; a spirit congenial to that of the Author, breathing throughout!"

Is it possible that the man who wrote this should ever have read the "Canons of Criticism?" Yet

justly characterised by WARTON, in his Spenser, vol. ii. p. 36, as "the *most sen-*

is it to be supposed that he who took so lively an interest in the literary fortunes of his friend should *not* have read them? The Warburtonians appear to have adopted one of the principles of the Jesuits, in their Controversies; which was, to repeat arguments which had been confuted over and over again, to insinuate that they had not been so! But this was not too much to risk, by him who, in his Dedication of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, with a Commentary, had hardily and solemnly declared that "WARBURTON, in his *enlarged view of things*, had not only revived the two models of Aristotle and Longinus, but had rather struck out *a new original plan of Criticism*, which should unite the virtues of each of them. This experiment was made on the two greatest of our own Poets — Shakespeare and Pope. Still (he adds) *you went farther*, by joining to those powers a perfect insight into human nature; and so ennobling the exercise of literary, by the justest moral censure, *you have now, at length, advanced Criticism to its full glory.*"

sible and *ingenious* of modern Critics."—He was a lover of his studies; and he probably was sincere, when he once told

A perpetual intercourse of mutual adulation, animated the Sovereign and his Viceroy, and, by mutual support, each obtained the same reward: two mitres crowned the greater and the minor Critic. This intercourse was humorously detected by the lively Author of "Confusion worse confounded."—"When the late Duke of R. (says he) kept wild beasts, it was a common diversion to make two of his bears drunk (not metaphorically with flattery, but literally with strong ale), and then daub them over with honey. It was excellent sport to see how lovingly (like a couple of Critics) they would lick and claw one another." It is almost amazing to observe how HURD, who naturally was of the most frigid temperament, and the most subdued feelings, warmed, heated, and blazed, in the progressive stages, "of that pageantry of praise spread over the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON, when the latter was advancing fast towards a Bishopriok," to use the words of Dr.

a friend of the literary antiquary COLE, that he would have chosen not to quit the University, for he loved retirement; and on that principle COWLEY was his favourite poet, which he afterwards shewed, by his

PARR, a sagacious observer of man. However, notwithstanding the despotic mandates of our Pichrocole and his dapper Minister, there were who did not fear to meet the greater Bear, of the two so facetiously described above. And the Author of "Confusion worse confounded" tells a familiar story, which will enliven the history of our great Critic.—"One of the Bears mentioned above happened to get loose, and was running along the street in which a Tinker was gravely walking. The people all cried Tinker! Tinker! Beware of the Bear!—Upon this Magnano faced about, with great composure; and raising his staff, knocked down Bruin; then setting his arms a-kimbo, walked off very sedately; only saying—Let the Bear beware of the Tinker—which is now become a proverb in those parts."

Confusion worse confounded, p. 75.

singular edition of that Poet. He was called, from the cloistered shades, to assume the honourable dignity of a Royal Tutor. Had he devoted his days to Literature, he would have still enriched its stores. But he had other more supple and more serviceable qualifications. Most adroit was he in all the archery of Controversy: he had the subtilty that can evade the aim of the assailant, and the slender dexterity, substituted for vigour, that struck when least expected. The subaltern genius of HURD required to be animated by the heroic energy of WARBURTON; and the careless courage of the Chief wanted one, who could maintain the unguarded passages he left behind him in his progress.

Such, then, was WARBURTON, and such the Quarrels of this great Author. He

was, through his literary life, an adventurer, guided by that SECRET PRINCIPLE, which opened an immediate road to Fame. By opposing the common sentiments of mankind, he awed and he commanded them; and by giving a new face to all things, he surprised, by the appearances of discoveries. All this, so pleasing to his egotism, was not however fortunate for his ambition. To maintain an authority, which he had usurped; to substitute for the taste he wanted, a curious and dazzling erudition; and to aid that deficient judgment[ss],

[ss] The learned SELDEN, in the curious little volume of his "Table-Talk," has delivered to posterity a precept for the Learned, which they ought to wear, like the Jewish phylacteries; as "a frontlet between their eyes." *No man is the wiser for his Learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but Wit and Wisdom are born with a man.*"—Sir THOMAS HANMER, who was well

which so often plunged him into perils; WARBURTON adopted his *system of Literary Quarrels.* These were the illegitimate means which raised a sudden celebrity; and which Genius kept alive, as long as that genius lasted; for WARBURTON suffered that literary calamity, of too protracted a period of human life: he outlived himself and his fame. This great and original mind sacrificed all his genius to that SECRET PRINCIPLE we have endeavoured to develope — it was a self-immolation!

acquainted with WARBURTON, during their correspondence about Shakespeare, often said of him: "The only use he could find in Mr. WARBURTON was, *starting the game;* he was not to be trusted in *running it down.*" A just discrimination! His fervid curiosity was absolutely creative; but his taste and his judgment, perpetually stretched out by his system, could not save him from even inglorious absurdities!

WARBURTON, it is probable, was not really the character he appears. It mortifies the Lovers of Genius to discover how a natural character may be thrown into a convulsed unnatural state, by some adopted system: it is this system; which carrying it, as it were, beyond itself, communicates a more than natural, but a self-destroying energy. All then becomes reversed! The arrogant and vituperative WARBURTON was only such in his assumed character; for, in still domestic life, he was the creature of benevolence, touched by generous passions. But in public life, the artificial, or the acquired character, prevails over the one which Nature designed for us; and by that all public men, as well as authors, are usually judged by posterity.

POPE,

AND

HIS MISCELLANEOUS QUARRELS.

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AND

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POPE *adopted a system of literary politics — collected, with extraordinary care, every thing relative to his Quarrels — no politician ever studied to obtain his purposes by more oblique directions and intricate stratagems — some of his manœuvres — his systematic hostility not practised with impunity — his claim to his own Works contested —* CIBBER'S *facetious description of* POPE'S *feelings, and* WELSTED'S *elegant Satire on his genius —* DENNIS'S *account of* POPE'S *Introduction to him — his political prudence further discovered in the Collection of all the Pieces relative to the Dunciad, in which he employed* SAVAGE *— the* THEOBALDIANS *and the* POPEIANS*; an attack by a Theobaldian — The Dunciad ingeniously defended, for the*

grossness of its imagery, and its reproach of the poverty of the Authors, supposed by POPE *himself, with some curious specimens of literary personalities — the Literary Quarrel between* AARON HILL *and* POPE *distinguished for its romantic cast — a Narrative of the extraordinary transactions respecting the publication of* POPE'S *Letters; an example of Stratagem and Conspiracy, illustrative of his character.*

POPE has proudly perpetuated the history of his Literary Quarrels; and he appears to have been among those Authors, surely not forming the majority, who have delighted in, or have not been averse to provoke, hostility. He has registered the titles of every book, even to a single paper, or a copy of verses, in which their authors had committed treason against his poetical sovereignty [A]. His ambition seemed

[A] POPE collected these numerous literary libels with extraordinary care. He had them bound in

gratified in heaping these trophies to his genius, while meaner passions could compile one of the most voluminous of the

volumes of all sizes; and a range of twelves, octavos, quartos, and folios, were marshalled in portentous order on his shelves. He wrote the names of the Writers, with remarks on these *Anonymiana*. He prefixed to them this motto, from Job: "Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary had written a book: surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me." c. xxxi. 35. RUFFHEAD, who wrote POPE's Life under the eye of WARBURTON, who revised every sheet of the volume, and suffered this mere Lawyer and singularly wretched Critic to write on, with far inferior taste to his own—offered "the entire collection to any public library or museum, whose search is after *curiosities*, and may be desirous of enriching their common treasure with it: it will be freely at the service of that which asks first." Did no one accept the invitation? As this was written in 1769, it is evidently pointed towards the British Museum; but there I have not

scandalous chronicles of Literature. We are mortified on discovering so fine a genius in the text, humbling itself through all

heard of it. This collection must have contained much of the Secret Memoirs of Grub-street: it was always a fountain whence those "waters of bitterness," the notes in the Dunciad, were readily supplied. It would be curious to discover by what stratagem POPE obtained all that secret intelligence about his Dunces, with which he has burthened posterity, for his own particular gratification. ARBUTHNOT, it is said, wrote some notes merely literary; but SAVAGE, and still humbler agents, served him as his *Espions de Police*. He pensioned SAVAGE to his last day, and never deserted him. In the account of "the phantom Moore," Scriblerus appeals to Savage to authenticate some story. One curious instance of the fruits of SAVAGE's researches in this way, he has himself preserved, in his Memoirs of "An Author to be Let, by Iscariot Hackney." This portrait of "a perfect Town-Author" is not deficient in spirit: the hero was one ROOME, a man only

the depravity of a Commentary so full of spleen, and not without the fictions of satire. The unhappy influence his Literary

celebrated in the Dunciad, for his "funereal frown." But it is uncertain whether this fellow had really so dismal a countenance; for the epithet was borrowed from his profession, being the son of an undertaker! Such is the nature of some satire! Dr. WARTON is astonished, or mortified, for he knew not which, to see the pains and patience of POPE and his friends in compiling the Notes to the Dunciad, to trace out the lives and works of such paltry and forgotten Scribblers. "It is like walking through the darkest alleys in the dirtiest part of St. Giles's." Very true! But may we not be allowed to detect the vanities of human nature at St. Giles's as well as St. James's? Authors, however obscure, are always an amusing race to Authors. The greatest, find their own passions in the least, though distorted, or cramped in too small a compass.

It is doubtless from POPE's great anxiety for his own literary celebrity that we have been furnished with so

Quarrels had on this great Poet's life remain to be traced. He adopted a system of literary politics, abounding with strata-

complete a knowledge of the grotesque groupes in the Dunciad. "Give me a shilling," said SWIFT facetiously, "and I will insure you that posterity shall never know one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved." A very useful hint for a man of genius to leave his wretched assailants to dissolve away in their own weakness. But POPE, having written a Dunciad, by accompanying it with a Commentary, has taken the only method to interest posterity. He felt that Boileau's satires on bad authors are liked only in the degree the objects alluded to are known. But he loved too much the subject for its own sake. He abused the powers Genius had conferred on him, as other imperial Sovereigns have done. It is said that he kept the whole kingdom in awe of him. In "the frenzy and prodigality of vanity," he exclaimed—

"———— Yes, I am proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me!"

gems, conspiracies, manœuvres, and factions.

POPE's literary warfare was really the wars of his poetical ambition, more, perhaps, than of the petulance and strong irritability of his character. It was one of the artifices he had adopted, from the peculiarity of his situation.

Thrown out of the active classes of society, from a variety of causes, sufficiently known [B], concentrating his passions

Tacitus Gordon said of him, that POPE seemed to persuade the nation that all genius and ability were confined to him and his friends.

[B] POPE, in his energetic Letter to Lord HERVEY, that "master-piece of invective," says WARTON, and which Tyers says he kept long back from publishing, at the desire of Queen Caroline, who was fearful her Counsellor would become insignificant in the public esteem, and at last in her own; such was the power his genius exercised!—has there

into a solitary one, his retired life was passed in the contemplation of his own literary greatness. Reviewing the past, and anticipating the future, he soon felt he was creating a new æra in our Literature, an event which does not always occur in a century; and, eager to secure present celebrity, with the victory obtained in the open field, he combined the intrigues of the Cabinet: thus, while he was exerting great means, he could still practise little artifices. No politician studied to obtain his purposes by more oblique directions, or with more intricate stratagems; and POPE

pointed out one of these causes. It describes himself as "a private person under penal laws, and many other disadvantages, not for want of honesty or conscience; yet it is by these alone I have hitherto lived *excluded from all posts of profit or trust*. I can interfere with the views of no man."

was at once the Lion and the Fox of Machiavel. A book might be written on the Stratagems of Literature, as Frontinus has composed one on War; and among its subtilest heroes we might place this great Poet.

To keep his name alivè before the Public, was one of his early plans. When he published his "Essay on Criticism," anonymously, the young and impatient Poet was mortified with the inertion of public curiosity: he was almost in despair [c]. Twice, perhaps oftener, POPE

[c] The first publisher of the Essay on Criticism must have been a Mr. Lewis, a Catholic bookseller in Covent-garden; for, from a descendant of this Lewis, I heard that POPE, after publication, came every day, persecuting with anxious enquiries the cold impenetrable bookseller, who, as the poem lay uncalled for, saw nothing but vexatious importunities in a troublesome youth. One day, POPE, after

attacked POPE [D]; and he frequently concealed himself under the names of others, for some particular design. Not

nearly a month's publication, entered, and in despair tied up a number of the poems, which he addressed to several who had a reputation in town, as judges of poetry. The scheme succeeded, and the Poem, having reached its proper circle, soon got into request.

[D] He was the Author of "The Key to the Lock," written to shew that "The Rape of the Lock" was a political poem, designed to ridicule the Barrier Treaty. Its innocent extravagance could only have been designed to increase attention to a Work, which hardly required any such artifice. In the same spirit, he composed the Guardian, in which Phillips's Pastorals, were insidiously preferred to his own. I doubt whether we have discovered all the *supercheries* of this kind. After writing the finest works of Genius, he was busily employed in attracting the public attention to them. In the antithesis of his character, he was so great and so little! But he knew mankind! and present fame was the great business of his life.

to point out his dark familiar SCRIBLERUS, always at hand for all purposes, he made use of the names of several of his friends. When he employed SAVAGE in "A collection of all the pieces, in verse and prose, published on occasion of the Dunciad," he subscribed this name to an admirable dedication to Lord Middlesex, where he minutely relates the whole history of the Dunciad, and "the weekly clubs held to consult of hostilities against the Author;" and, for an express introduction to that Work, he used the name of CLELAND, to which is added a note, expressing surprise that the world did not believe that CLELAND was the writer! Wanting a pretext for the publication of his letters, he delighted CURLL by conveying to him some printed surreptitious copies, who soon discovered, that it was but a fairy treasure,

which he could not grasp; and POPE, in his own defence, had soon ready the authentic edition [E]. Some Lady observed that POPE "hardly drank tea without a stratagem!" The female genius easily detects its own peculiar faculty, when it is exercised with inferior delicacy.

But his systematic hostility did not proceed with equal impunity: in this perpetual war with Dullness, he discovered that every one he called a Dunce, was not so; nor did he find the Dunces themselves, less inconvenient to him; for many, successfully substituted for their deficiencies in better qualities, the lie, that lasts long enough to vex a man: and the insolence,

[E] The Narrative of this dark transaction, which seems to have been imperfectly known to JOHNSON, being too copious for a note, will be found at the close of this article.

that does not fear him: they attacked him at all points, and not always in the spirit of legitimate warfare. They filled up his asterisks, and accused him of treason: they asserted that the panegyrical verses prefixed to his works (an obsolete mode of recommendation, which POPE condescended to practise), were his own composition, and to which he had affixed the names of some dead, or some unknown writers: they published lists of all whom POPE had attacked; placing at the head "God Almighty; the King;" descending to the "Lords and Gentlemen." [F] A few

[F] POPE is perhaps the finest *character-painter* of all Satirists. ATTERBURY, after reading the portrait of ATTICUS, advised him to proceed in a way which his genius had pointed out; but ARBUTHNOT, with his dying breath, conjured him "to reform, and not to chastise;" that is, not to spare the vice, but the

suspected his skill in Greek; but every hound yelped in the halloo against his

person. It is said POPE answered, that to correct the world with due effect, they become inseparable; and that, deciding by his own experience, he was justified in this opinion. Perhaps, at first, he himself wavered, but he strikes bolder as he gathers strength. The two first Editions of the Dunciad, now before me, could hardly be intelligible: they exhibit lines after lines gaping with a hiatus, or obscured with initial letters—in subsequent editions, the names stole into their places. We are told, that the personalities in his Satires quickened the sale: the portraits of Sporus, Bufo, Clodius, Timon, and Atossa, were purchased by every body; but when he once declared, respecting the *characters* of one of his best Satires, that no real persons were intended, it checked public curiosity, which was felt in the sale of that Edition. Personality in his satires, no doubt, accorded with the temper and the talent of POPE: and the malice of mankind afforded him all the conviction necessary to indulge it; yet YOUNG could depend solely on abstract characters, and pure wit;

Homer [G]. Yet the more extraordinary circumstance was their hardy disputes with

and I believe that his "Love of Fame" was a series of admirable satires, which did not obtain less popularity than POPE's. CARTWRIGHT, one of the sons of BEN JONSON, describes, by a beautiful and original image, the office of the Satirist, though he praises JONSON for exercising a virtue he did not always practise, as SWIFT celebrates POPE with the same truth, when he sings,

"Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name."

CARTWRIGHT's lines are:

"———————— 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still;
As he who, when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive."

[G] COOKE, the translator of Hesiod, published a letter in Mist's Journal, insisting that POPE had

POPE, respecting his claim to his own works, and the difficulty he more than once found to establish his rights. Sometimes they divided public opinion by even indicating the real authors; and witnesses from White's and St. James's were ready to be produced. Among these literary coteries, several of POPE's productions, in their anonymous, and even in their MS state, had been appropriated by several pseudo Authors; and when POPE called

mistaken the whole character of Thersites, from ignorance of the language. I regret I have not drawn some notes from that Essay. The subject might be made curious, by a good Greek scholar, if POPE has really erred in the degree COOKE asserts. THEOBALD, who seems to have been a more classical scholar than has been allowed, besides some versions from the Greek Tragic Bards, commenced a translation of the Odyssey as soon as POPE's Iliad appeared. Q. Whether he translated his Greek from the French?

for restitution, he seemed to be claiming nothing less than their lives. One of these gentlemen had enjoyed a very fair reputation for more than two years, on the "Memoirs of a Parish-Clerk;" another on "The Messiah;" and there were many other vague claims. All this was vexatious; but not so much as the ridiculous attitude in which POPE was sometimes placed by his enraged adversaries [H].

[H] In one of these situations, POPE issued a very grave, but very ludicrous advertisement. They had the impudence to publish an account of POPE having been flagellated by two Gentlemen in Ham Walks, during his evening promenade. This was avenging Dennis for what he had undergone from the Narrative of his madness. In "The Memoirs of Grub-street," vol. i. p. 96, this tingling narrative appears to have been the ingenious forgery of Lady Mary! On this occasion, POPE thought it neces-

He must have found himself in a more perilous situation, when he hired a brawny champion, or borrowed the generous courage of some military friend [1]. To all

sary to publish the following Advertisement in the Daily Post, June 14, 1728:—

"Whereas, there has been a scandalous paper cried aloud about the streets, under the title of 'A Pop upon POPE,' insinuating that I was whipped in Ham Walks, on Thursday last:—This is to give notice, that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham on that day; and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report.—A. P."

It seems that Phillips hung up a birchen-rod, at Button's. POPE, in one of his letters, congratulates himself that he never attempted to use it.

[1] According to the Scandalous Chronicle of the day, POPE, shortly after the publication of the Dunciad, had a tall Irishman to attend him. Colonel DUCKETT threatened to cane him, for a licentious stroke aimed at him, which POPE recanted. THO-

these troubles we may add, that POPE has called down on himself more lasting vengeance; and the good sense of THEOBALD, the furious, but often acute remarks of DENNIS; the good-humoured, yet keen remonstrance of CIBBER; the silver shaft, tipped with venom, sent from the injured but revengeful LADY MARY; and many a random-shot, that often struck him, in-

MAS BENTLEY, nephew to the Doctor, for the treatment his Uncle had received, sent POPE a challenge. The modern, like the ancient Horace, was of a nature liable to panic, at such critical moments.—POPE consulted some military friends, who declared that his *person* ought to protect him from any such redundance of valour, as was thus formally required; however, one of them accepted the challenge for him, and gave Bentley the option either of fighting or apologising; who, on this occasion, proved what is usual, that the easiest of the two was the quickest done.

flicted on him many a sleepless night [K]. The younger Richardson has recorded the

[K] I shall preserve one specimen, so classically elegant, that POPE himself might have composed it. It is from the pen of that LEONARD WELSTED whose Aganippe, POPE has so shamefully characterised.

" Flow, WELSTED, flow, like thine inspirer, beer !"

Can the Reader credit, after this, that WELSTED, who was clerk in ordinary at the Office of Ordnance, was a man of family and independence, of elegant manners, and a fine fancy, but who considered Poetry only as a passing amusement ? He has however left behind, amidst the careless productions of his Muse, some passages wrought up with equal felicity and power. There are several original poetical views of Nature scattered in his Works, which have been collected by Mr. Nichols, that would admit of a comparison with some of established fame.

WELSTED imagined, that the spirit of English Poetry was on its decline in the age of POPE, and

personal sufferings of POPE, when one day, in taking up Cibber's Letter, while his face was writhing with agony, he feebly

allegorises the state of our Poetry, in a most ingenious comparison. The picture is exquisitely wrought, like an ancient gem: one might imagine Anacreon, was turned Critic.

" A flask I rear'd, whose sluice began to fail,
And told from Phædrus this facetious tale.
Sabina, very old and very dry,
Chanced on a time, an empty flask to spy:
The flask but lately had been thrown aside,
With the rich grape of Tuscan vineyards dyed;
But lately, gushing from the slender spout,
It's life, in purple streams, had issued out.
The costly flavour still to sense remain'd,
And still its sides the violet colour stain'd:
A sight so sweet taught wrinkled age to smile:
Pleased she imbibes the generous fumes awhile,
Then, downwards turn'd, the vessel gently props,
And drains with patient care the lucid drops:
O balmy spirit of Etruria's vine!
O fragrant flask, she said, too lately mine!

declared that "these things were as good as hartshorn to him;" but he appeared, at that moment, rather to want a little. And it is probably true, what CIBBER facetiously says of POPE, in his second Letter, "Every body tells me, that I have made you as uneasy as a rat in a hot kettle, for a twelvemonth together."

POPE was pursued through life by the insatiable vengeance of DENNIS. The young Poet, who had got introduced to him, among his first literary acquaintances, could not fail, when the occasion presented itself, of ridiculing this uncouth son of Aristotle. The blow was given in the character of Appius, in the Art of Criticism;

> If such delights, though empty, thou canst yield,
> What wondrous raptures hadst thou given, if fill'd!"
>
> *Palæmon to Cœlia at Bath, or the Triumvirate.*

and it is known Appius was instantaneously recognised by the fierce shriek of the agonised Critic himself. From that moment DENNIS resolved to write down every work of POPE's. How dangerous to offend certain tempers, verging on madness [L]! DENNIS, too, called on every

[L] DENNIS tells the whole story. "At his first coming to town, he was importunate with Mr. Cromwell to introduce him to me. The recommendation engaged me to be about thrice in company with him; after which I went to the country, till I found myself most insolently attacked in his very superficial Essay on Criticism, by which he endeavoured to destroy the reputation of a man who had published pieces of Criticism, and to set up his own. I was moved with indignation to that degree, that I immediately writ remarks on that Essay. I also writ upon part of his translation of Homer, his Windsor Forest, and his infamous Temple of Fame." In the same pamphlet he says:—"POPE writ his Windsor

one to join him in the common cause; and once he retaliated on POPE in his own way. Accused by POPE of being the writer of an account of himself, in JACOB's Lives of the Poets, DENNIS procured a letter from JACOB, which he published, and in which it appears that POPE's own character in this Collection, if not written by him, was by him very carefully corrected on the proof-sheet; so that he stood

Forest in envy of Sir John Denham's Cooper's-hill; his infamous Temple of Fame, in envy of Chaucer's Poem upon the same subject; his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, in envy of Dryden's Feast of Alexander."—In reproaching POPE with his peculiar rhythm, that monotonous excellence, which soon became mechanical, he has an odd attempt at a pun:—"Boileau's Pegasus has all his paces; the Pegasus of POPE, like a *Kentish post-horse*, is always upon the *Canterbury*." — *Remarks upon several passages in the Preliminaries to the Dunciad*, 1729.

in the same ridiculous attitude into which he had thrown DENNIS, as his own trumpeter! — DENNIS, whose brutal energy remained unsubdued, was a rhinoceros of a Critic, shelled up against the arrows of wit. This monster of Criticism awed the Poet; and DENNIS proved to be a Python, whom the golden shaft of Apollo could not pierce.

The political prudence of POPE was further discovered in the "Collection of all the Pieces relative to the Dunciad," on which he employed SAVAGE: these exemplified the justness of the satire, or defended it from all attacks. The precursor of the DUNCIAD was a single chapter in "the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry;" where the humorous Satirist discovers an analogy between flying-fishes, parrots, tortoises, &c. and certain writers,

whose names are designated by initial letters. In this unlucky alphabet of Dunces, not one of them but was applied to some Writer of the day; and the loud clamours these excited could not be appeased by the simplicity of our Poet's declaration, that the letters were placed at random: and while his oil could not smooth so turbulent a sea, every one swore to the flying-fish or the tortoise, as he had described them. It was still more serious when the DUNCIAD appeared. Of that class of authors who depended for a wretched existence on their wages, several were completely ruined, for no purchasers were to be found for the works of some authors, after they had been inscribed in the Chronicle of our provoking and inimitable Satirist [M].

[M] Two parties arose in the literary republic: the *Theobaldians* and the *Popcians*. The Grub-street

It is in this Collection by SAVAGE, I find the Writer's admirable satire on the class of

Journal, a kind of literary gazette of some campaigns of the time, records the skirmishes with tolerable neutrality, though with a strong leaning in favour of the prevailing genius.

The *Popeians* did not always do honour to their great leader; and the *Theobaldians* proved themselves, at times, worthy of being engaged, had fate so ordered it, in the army of their renowned enemy. When YOUNG published his "Two Epistles to POPE, on the Authors of the Age," there appeared "One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope, in answer to two of Dr. Young's." On this, a Popeian defends his Master from some extravagant accusations, in "The Grub-street Memoirs." He insists, as his first principle, that all accusations against a man's character, without an attester, are presumed to be slanders and lies, and every gentleman, though Knight of the Bathos, is here merely a liar and scoundrel.

"You assure us he is not only a bad poet, but a stealer from bad poets; if so, you have just cause to complain of invasion of property. You assure us he

literary Prostitutes. It is entitled "An Author to be let, by Iscariot Hackney."—

is not even a versifier, but steals the *sound* of his verses; now, to *steal a sound* is as ingenious as to *paint an echo.* You cannot bear, *gentlemen* should be treated as vermin and reptiles; now, to be impartial, you were compared to *flying-fishes, didappers, tortoises* and *parrots,* &c. not vermin, but curious and beautiful creatures" — alluding to the abuse, in this Epistle, on such Authors as Atterbury, Arbuthnot, Swift, the Duke of Buckingham, &c. The Popeian concludes:

"After all, *your Poem,* to comfort you, is more innocent than the *Dunciad;* for in the one there's no man abused, but is very well pleased to be abused in such company; whereas, in the other, there's no man so much as named, but is extremely affronted to be ranked with such people as style each other the *dullest of men.*"

The publication of the DUNCIAD, however, drove the *Theobaldians* out of the field. Guerillas, such as the one above, sometimes appeared, but their heroes struck and skulked away. A *Theobaldian,* in an

It has been ably commended by JOHNSON, in his Life of SAVAGE, and on his recom-

Epigram, compared the Dunciad of POPE to the offspring of the celebrated Pope Joan. The neatness of his wit is hardly blunted by a pun. He who talks of POPE's "stealing a sound," seems to have practised that invisible art himself, for the verse is musical as POPE's.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE DUNCIAD.

"With rueful eyes thou view'st thy wretched race,
The child of guilt, and destined to disgrace.
Thus when fame Joan usurp'd the Pontiff's chair,
With terror she beheld her new-born heir:
Ill-star'd, ill-favour'd, into birth it came;
In vice begotten, and brought forth with shame!
In vain it breathes, a lewd abandon'd hope!
And calls in vain, the unhallow'd father—POPE!

The Answers to this Epigram by the Popeians are too gross. The "One Epistle" is attributed to JAMES MOORE SMYTH, in alliance with WELSTED, and other unfortunate heroes.

mendation, Thomas Davies inserted it in his Collection of Fugitive Pieces; but such is the careless curiosity of modern re-publishers, that often, in preserving a decayed body, they are apt to drop a limb: this was the case with Davies; for he has left behind him the Preface, far more exquisite than the Work itself. A morsel of such poignant relish betrays the hand of the master, who snatched the pen for a moment, from that of the servant.

This Preface defends POPE from the two great objections justly raised at the time against the DUNCIAD: one is, the grossness and filthiness of its imagery; and the other, its reproach of the poverty of the Authors.

The *indelicacies* of the DUNCIAD are thus wittily apologized for:—

"They are suitable to the subject; a subject composed, for the most part, of AUTHORS whose writings are the refuse of Wit, and who in life are the very excrement of Nature. Mr. POPE has, too, used dung; but he disposes that dung in such a manner, that it becomes rich manure, from which he raises a variety of fine flowers. He deals in rags; but like an artist, who commits them to a paper-mill, and brings them out useful sheets. The Chemist extracts a fine cordial from the most nauseous of all dung; and Mr. POPE has drawn a sweet poetical spirit from the most offensive and unpoetical objects of the Creation — unpoetical, though eternal writers of poetry."

The reflections on the *poverty* of its heroes are thus ingeniously defended:— "Poverty, not proceeding from folly, but which may be owing to Virtue, sets

a man in an amiable light; but when our wants are of our own seeking, and prove the motive of every ill action (for the poverty of bad Authors has always a bad heart for its companion), is it not a vice, and properly the subject of satire?" The Preface then proceeds to shew how "all these *said Writers* might have been *good mechanicks*." He illustrates his principles with a most ungracious account of several of his contemporaries. I shall give a specimen of what I consider as the polished sarcasm and caustic humour of POPE, on some favourite subjects.

"Mr. Thomas *Cooke*. — His enemies confess him not without merit. To do the man justice, he might have made a tolerable figure as a *Taylor*. 'Twere too presumptuous to affirm, he could have been a *master* in any profession; but, dull as I allow him, he would

not have been despicable for a third or a fourth hand journeyman. Then had his wants have been avoided; for, he would at least have learned to *cut his coat according to his cloth.*

"Why would not Mr. *Theobald* continue an Attorney? Is not *Word-catching* more serviceable in splitting a cause, than explaining a fine poet?

"When *Mrs. Haywood* ceased to be a strolling-actress, why might not the Lady (though once a theatrical queen) have subsisted by turning *Washerwoman?* Has not the fall of greatness been a frequent distress in all ages? She might have caught a beautiful bubble, as it arose from the suds of her tub, blown it in air, seen it glitter, and then break! Even in this low condition, she had played with a bubble; and what more is the vanity of human greatness?

"Had it not been an honester and more

decent livelihood for Mr. *Norton* (Daniel De Foe's son of love by a lady who vended oysters) to have dealt in a *Fish-market*, than to be dealing out the dialects of Billingsgate in the Flying-post?

"Had it not been more laudable for Mr. *Roome*, the son of an *Undertaker*, to have borne a link and a mourning-staff, in the long procession of a funeral—or even been more decent in him to have sung psalms, according to education, in an Anabaptist Meeting, than to have been altering the *Jovial Crew, or Merry Beggars*, into a *wicked* imitation of the *Beggar's Opera*?"

This satire seems too exquisite for the touch of Savage, and is quite in the spirit of the Author of the Dunciad. There is, in Ruffhead's Life of Pope, a work to which WARBURTON contributed all his care, a passage which could only have

been written by WARBURTON. The strength and coarseness of the imagery could never have been produced by the dull and feeble intellect of Ruffhead: it is the opinion, therefore, of WARBURTON himself, on the Dunciad. "The *good purpose* intended by this satire was, to the *herd* in general, of less efficacy than our Author hoped; for *scribblers* have not the common sense of *other vermin*, who usually abstain from mischief, when they see any of their kind *gibbetted* or *nailed up*, as terrible examples." — WARBURTON employed the same strong image in one of his *threats.* — *See p. 66, at the end.*

One of POPE'S *Literary Quarrels must be distinguished for its romantic cast.*

In the Treatise on the Bathos, the initial letters of the bad writers occasioned many heart-burns; and, among others,

AARON HILL suspected he was marked out by the letters A. H. This gave rise to a large correspondence between HILL and POPE. HILL, who was a very amiable man, was infinitely too susceptible of criticism; and POPE, who seems to have had a personal regard for him, injured those nice feelings as little as possible. Even in the Dunciad, the name of HILL occurs without reprehension. HILL had published a panegyrical Poem on Peter the Great, under the title of "The Northern Star;" and the Bookseller had conveyed to him a criticism of POPE's, of which HILL publicly acknowledged he mistook the meaning. When the Treatise of "The Bathos" appeared, POPE insisted he had again mistaken the initials A. H — HILL gently attacked POPE in "a paper of very pretty verses," as POPE calls them: when the

Dunciad appeared, in which HILL is there said "to have published pieces, in his youth, bordering upon the bombast." This was as light a stroke as could be inflicted; and which POPE, with great good humour, tells HILL, might be equally applied to himself; for he always acknowledged, that when a boy, he had written an Epic Poem of that description; would often quote absurd verses from it, for the diversion of his friends; and actually inserted some of the most extravagant ones in the very Treatise on "The Bathos." Poor HILL, however, was of the most sickly delicacy, and produced "The Caveat," another gentle rebuke, where POPE is represented as "sneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cherish or befriend men of merit." In the course of this correspondence, HILL seems to have projected the utmost stretch

of his innocent malice; for he told POPE, that he had almost finished "an Essay on Propriety and Impropriety in Design, Thought, and Expression, illustrated by Examples in both kinds, from the Writings of Mr. POPE;" but he offers, if this intended Work should create the least pain to Mr. POPE, he was willing, with all his heart, to have it run thus: "An Essay on Propriety and Impropriety, &c. illustrated by Examples of the first, from the Writings of Mr. POPE, and of the rest, from those of the Author."—To the romantic generosity of this extraordinary proposal, POPE replied, "I acknowledge your generous offer, to give *examples of imperfections* rather out of *your own works*, than mine: I consent, with all my heart, to your confining them to *mine*, for two reasons: the one, that I fear your sensibility that way is

greater than my own: the other is a better; namely, that I intend to correct the faults you find, if they are such as I expect from Mr. HILL's cool judgment *."

Where, in literary history, can be found the parallel of such an offer of self-immolation? This was a literary quarrel like that of lovers, where to hurt each other would have given pain to both parties; and where such skill and desire to strike, with so much tenderness in inflicting a wound; so much compliment, with so much complaint; have perhaps never met together, as in the romantic hostility of this literary chivalry.

* The six Letters are preserved in RUFFHEAD's Appendix, No. I.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY TRANSACTIONS RESPECTING THE PUBLICATION OF POPE'S LETTERS.

JOHNSON observes, that "one of the passages of POPE's life, which seems to deserve some enquiry, was the publication of his letters by CURLL, the rapacious bookseller." Our great literary biographer has expended, on this occasion, more than his usual penury of research allowed; and yet has only told the close of the strange transaction—the previous parts are more curious, and the whole cannot be separated. JOSEPH WARTON could only transcribe JOHNSON's narrative. It is a piece of literary history of an uncommon com-

plexion; and it is worth the pains of telling, if POPE, as I consider him to be, was the subtile weaver of a plot, whose texture had been close enough for any political conspiracy. It throws a strong light on the portrait I have touched of him. He conducted all his literary transactions with the arts of a Minister of state; and the genius which he wasted on this literary stratagem, in which he so completely succeeded, might have been perhaps sufficient to have organised rebellion.

It is well known that the origin of POPE's first letters given to the public, arose from the distresses of a cast-off mistress of one of his old friends (H. Cromwell), who had given her the letters of POPE, which she knew to value: these she afterwards sold to CURLL, who preserved the originals in his shop, so that no suspicions could

arise of their authenticity. This very collection is now deposited among Rawlinson's MSS. at the Bodleian.

This single volume was successful; and when POPE, to do justice to the memory of Wycherley, which had been injured by a posthumous volume, printed some of their letters, CURLL, who seemed now to consider that all he could touch was his own property, and that his little volume might serve as a foundation-stone, immediately announced *a new edition* of it, with *Additions*, meaning to include the letters of POPE and WYCHERLEY. CURLL now became so fond of *Pope's Letters*, that he advertised for any: "no questions to be asked."—CURLL was willing to be credulous: having proved to the world he had some originals, he imagined these

would sanction even spurious ones. A man who, for a particular purpose, sought to be imposed on, easily obtained his wish: they translated letters of Voiture to Mademoiselle Rambouillet, and dispatched them to the eager Bibliopolist to print, as POPE'S to Miss Blount. He went on increasing his collection; and, skilful in catering for the literary taste of the town, now inflamed their appetite, by dignifying it with "Mr. POPE'S Literary Correspondence!"

But what were the feelings of POPE during these successive surreptitious editions? He had discovered that his genuine Letters were liked; the grand experiment with the Public had been made for him, while he was deprived of the profits; yet he himself to publish his own letters,

which I shall prove he had prepared, was a thing unheard of in the nation. All this was vexatious; and to stop the book-jobber and open the market for himself, was a point to be obtained.

While CURLL was proceeding, wind and tide in his favour, a new and magnificent prospect burst upon him. A certain person, masked by the initials P. T. understanding CURLL was preparing *a Life of Pope*, offered him "divers Memoirs gratuitously;" hinted that he was well known to POPE; but the Poet had lately "treated him as a stranger." P. T. desires an answer from E. C. by the Daily Advertiser, which was complied with. There are passages in this Letter, which, I think, prove POPE to be the projector of it: his family is here said to be allied to Lord Downe's; his father is called a merchant. POPE

could not bear the reproach of Lady Mary's line :—

" Hard as thy heart, and as *thy birth obscure.*"

He always hinted at noble relatives; but TYERS tells us, from the information of a relative, that " his father turns out, at last, to have been a linen-draper in the Strand;" therefore P. T. was at least telling a story which POPE had no objection should be repeated.

The second letter of P. T., for the first was designed only to break the ice, offers him " a large Collection of Letters from the early days of POPE, to the year 1727." He gives an excellent notion of their value : " They will open very many scenes new to the world, and make the most authentic Life and Memoirs that could be." He desires they may be announced to the

world immediately, in CURLL's precious style, that he "might not appear himself to have set the whole thing a-foot, and afterwards he might plead he had only sent some letters to complete the Collection." He asks nothing, and the Originals were offered to be deposited with CURLL.

CURLL, secure of this promised addition, but still craving for more and more, composed a magnificent announcement, which, with P. T's entire correspondence, he inclosed in a letter to POPE himself. The Letters were now declared to be a "Critical, Philological, and Historical Correspondence." His own letter is no bad specimen of his keen sense; but after what had so often passed, his impudence was equal to the better quality.

"SIR,

"To convince you of my readiness to oblige you, the inclosed is a demonstration. You have, as he says, disobliged a gentleman, the initial letters of whose name are P. T. I have some other Papers in the same hand, relating to your *family*, which I will shew, if you desire a sight of them. Your letters to Mr. Cromwell are out of print; and I intend to print them very beautifully, in an octavo volume. I have more to say than is proper to write; and if you will give me a meeting, I will wait on you with pleasure, and close all differences between you and yours,

"E. CURLL."

POPE, surprised, as he pretends, at this address, consulted with his friends; every thing evil was suggested against CURLL. They conceived that his real design was

" to get POPE to look over the former edition of his Letters to Cromwell, and then to print it, as *revised* by Mr. POPE; as he sent an *obscene book* to a *Bishop*, and then advertised it as *corrected* and *revised* by him;" or perhaps to extort money from POPE for suppressing the MS. of P.T. and then publish it, saying P. T. had kept another copy. POPE thought proper to answer only by this public Advertisement:

" Whereas A. P. hath received a letter from E. C. bookseller, pretending that a person, the initials of whose name are P. T. hath offered the said E. C. to print a large Collection of Mr. P.'s Letters, to which E. C. required an answer: A. P. having never had, nor intending to have, any private correspondence with the said E. C. gives it him in this manner. That he knows no such person as P. T.; that he believes he hath no such

collection; and that he thinks the whole a forgery, and shall not trouble himself at all about it."

CURLL replied, denying he had endeavoured to *correspond* with Mr. POPE, and affirms that he had written to him by *direction*.

It is now the plot thickens. P. T. suddenly takes umbrage, accuses CURLL of having "betrayed him to 'Squire POPE,' but you and he both shall soon be convinced it was no forgery. Since you would not comply with my proposal to advertise, I have printed them at my own expence." He offers the books to CURLL for sale.

CURLL on this has written a letter, which takes a full view of the entire transaction. He seems to have grown tired of what he

calls "such jealous, groundless, and dark negotiations." P. T. now found it necessary to produce something more than a shadow—an Agent appears, whom CURLL considered to be a clergyman, who assumed the name of R. Smith. The first proposal was, that P. T.'s letters should be returned, that he might feel secure from all possibility of detection; so that P. T. terminates his part in this literary free-masonry as a non-entity.

Here JOHNSON's account begins.—"CURLL said, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be POPE's Epistolary Correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorised to use his purchase to

his own advantage." Smith, the clergyman, had left him some copies, and promised more.

CURLL now, in all the elation of possession, rolled his thunder in an advertisement still higher than ever.—" Mr. POPE's Literary Correspondence regularly digested, from 1704 to 1734:" to Lords, Earls, Baronets, Doctors, Ladies, &c. with their respective answers, and whose names glittered in the advertisement. The original MSS. were also announced to be seen at his house.

But at this moment CURLL had not received many books, and no MSS. The advertisement produced the effect designed: it roused public notice, and it alarmed several in the House of Lords. POPE doubtless instigated his friends there. The Earl of Jersey moved, that to publish let-

ters of Lords was a breach of privilege; and CURLL was brought before the House.

This was an unexpected incident; and P.T. once more throws his dark shadow across the path of CURLL to hearten him, had he wanted courage to face all the Lords. P. T. writes to instruct him in his answers to their examination; but to take the utmost care to conceal P. T.; he assures him that the Lords could not touch a hair of his head if he behaved firmly; that he should only answer their interrogatories by declaring he received the letters from different persons; that some were given, and some were bought. P. T. reminds one, on this occasion, of Junius's correspondence on a like threat, with his publisher.

"CURLL appeared at the bar," says JOHNSON, "and knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of POPE with very

little reverence. 'He has,' said CURLL, 'a knack at versifying; but in prose I think myself a match for him.' When the Orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed: CURLL went away triumphant, and POPE was left to seek some other remedy." The fact, not mentioned by JOHNSON, is, that though CURLL's flourishing advertisement had announced *Letters written by Lords*, when the volumes were examined, not one written by a Lord appeared.

The Letter CURLL wrote on the occasion to one of these dark familiars, the pretended clergyman, marks his spirit and sagacity. It contains a remarkable passage. Some readers will be curious to have the productions of so celebrated a personage, who appears to have exercised considerable talents.

"Dear Sir, 15 May, 1735.

"I am just again going to the Lords to finish *Pope*. I desire you to send me the *sheets* to *perfect* the first fifty books, and likewise the *remaining three hundred books*; and pray be at the Standard Tavern this evening, and I will pay you twenty pounds more. My defence is right; I only told the Lords I did not know from whence the books came, and that my wife received them. This was strict truth, and prevented all farther inquiry. *The Lords declared they had been made Pope's tools.* I put myself on this single point, and insisted, as there was not any Peer's letter in the book, I had not been guilty of any breach of privilege. I depend that the *Books* and the *Imperfections* will be sent; and believe of P. T. what I hope he believes of me.

"For the Rev. Mr. Smith."

The reader observes that CURLL talks of a great number of *books not received*, and

of *the few* which he has received, as *imperfect*. The fact is, the whole bubble is on the point of breaking. He, masked in the initial letters, and he, who wore the masquerade dress of a clergyman's gown with a lawyer's band, suddenly pick a quarrel with the duped Bibliopolist: they now accuse him of a design he had of betraying them to the Lords!

The tantalized and provoked CURLL then addressed the following letter to "The Rev. Mr. Smith," which, both as a specimen of this celebrated personage's "prose," in which he thought himself "a match for POPE," and exhibiting some traits of his character, will entertain the curious reader.

"Sir, Friday, 16 May, 1735.

"1st, I am falsely accused. 2. I value not any man's change of temper; I will never change my VERACITY for falsehood, in owning

a fact of which I am innocent. 3. I did not own the books came from *across the water*, nor ever *named you*; all I said was, that the books came *by water*. 4. When the books were seized, I sent my son to convey a letter to you; and as you told me every body knew you in Southwark, I bid him make a strict inquiry, as I am sure you would have done in such an exigency. 5. Sir, *I have acted justly* in this affair, and that is what I shall always think wisely. 6. I will be kept no longer in the dark; P. T. is *Will o' the Wisp*; all the books I have had are imperfect; the first 50 had no titles nor prefaces; the last five bundles seized by the Lords contained but 38 in each bundle, which amounts to 190, and 50, is in all but 240 books. 7. As to the loss of a future copy, I despise it, nor will I be concerned with any more such dark suspicious dealers. But now, Sir, I'll tell you what I will do: when I have the *books perfected* which

I have already received, and *the rest of the impression*, I will pay you for them. But what do you call this usage? First take a note for a month, and then want it to be changed for one of Sir Richard Hoare's. My note is as good, for any sum I give it, as the Bank, and shall be as punctually paid. I always say, *Gold is better than Paper.* But if this dark converse goes on, I will instantly reprint the whole book; and, as a supplement to it, all the letters P. T. ever sent me, of which I have exact copies, together with all your originals, and give them in upon oath to my Lord Chancellor. You talk of *Trust*—P. T. has not reposed any in me, for he has my money and notes for imperfect books. Let me see, Sir, either P. T. or yourself, or you'll find the Scots proverb verified, *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

"Your abused humble servant,

E. CURLL.

"P. S. Lord ——— I attend this day. LORD DELAWAR I SUP WITH TO-NIGHT. Where *Pope* has one Lord, I have twenty."

After this, CURLL announced "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, with the *initial correspondence* of P. T. R. S. &c." But the shadowy correspondents now publicly declared that they could give *no title* whatever to Mr. Pope's Letters, with which they had furnished CURLL, and never pretended any; that therefore any bookseller had the same right of printing them: and, in respect to money matters between them, he had given them notes not negotiable, and had never paid them fully for the copies, perfect and imperfect, which he had sold.

Thus terminated this dark transaction between CURLL and his *initial* correspond-

ents. He still persisted in printing several editions of the Letters of POPE, which furnished the Poet with a modest pretext to publish an authentic edition — the very point to which the whole of this dark and intricate plot seems to have been really directed.

Were POPE not concerned in this mysterious transaction, how happened it that the Letters which P. T. actually printed were genuine? To account for this, POPE promulgated a new fact. Since the first publication of his Letters to his friend Cromwell, wrenched from the distressed female who possessed them, our Poet had been advised to collect his Letters; and these he had preserved by inserting them in two books; either the originals or the copies. For this purpose an amanuensis or two were employed by POPE when these books

were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford when they were in town. POPE pretended that CURLL's letters had been extracted from these two books, but sometimes imperfectly transcribed, and sometimes interpolated. POPE, indeed, offered a reward of twenty pounds to "P. T." and "R. Smith, who passed for a Clergyman," if they would come forward, and discover the whole of this affair; or "if they had acted, as it was reported, by the *direction* of any other person." They never appeared. Lintot, the son of the great rival of CURLL, told Dr. Johnson, that his father had been offered the same parcel of printed books, and that POPE knew better than any body else how CURLL obtained the copies.

DR. JOHNSON, although he appears not to have been aware of the subtile intricacy

of this extraordinary plot, has justly drawn this inference: "To make the copies public was the only purpose of POPE, because the numbers offered for sale by the private messengers, shewed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression. It seems that POPE, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously printed, he might decently and defensively publish them himself."

I have observed, how the first letter of P. T. pretended to be written by one who owed no kindness to POPE, bears the evident impression of his own hand; for it contains matters not exactly true, but

exactly what POPE wished should appear in his own life. That he had prepared his Letters for publication, appears by the story of the two MS books—that the printed ones came by water, would look as if they had been sent from his house at Twickenham: and, were it not absurd to pretend to decypher initials, P. T. might be imagined to indicate the name of the owner, as well as his place of abode.

Worsdale, an indifferent painter, but a man of some humour in personating a character, and who performed "Old Lady Scandal" in one of his own Farces — who was also a literary adventurer, and, according to Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, wishing to be a Poet besides a Mimic, got her and her husband to write all the verses which he passed with his name—was well adapted to be this Clergyman with the Lawyer's

band — he asserted that he was really employed by his friend POPE on this occasion.

Such is the intricate narrative of this involved transaction. POPE completely succeeded, by the most subtile manœuvres imaginable; the incident, which perhaps was not originally expected, of having his Letters brought before the examination at the House of Lords, most amply gratified his pride, and awakened public curiosity. "He made the House of Lords," says CURLL, "his tools." Greater ingenuity, perplexity, and secrecy, have scarcely been thrown into the conduct of the writer, or writers, of the Letters of Junius.

POPE AND CIBBER,

CONTAINING

A VINDICATION OF THE COMIC WRITER.

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A VINDICATION OF THE COMIC WRITER.

POPE attacked CIBBER from personal motives — by dethroning Theobald, in the Dunciad, to substitute CIBBER, he made the satire not apply — CIBBER's facetious and serious remonstrance — CIBBER's inimitable good-humour — an apology for what has been called his "effrontery" — perhaps a modest man, and undoubtedly a man of genius — his humorous defence of his deficiency in Tragedy, both in acting and writing — POPE more hurt at being exposed as a ridiculous lover than as a bad man — An account of "The Egotist, or Colley upon Cibber," a kind of supplement to the "Apology for his Life," in which he has drawn his own character with great freedom and spirit.

THE Quarrel with CIBBER may serve to check the haughtiness of Genius; Good-humour can gently draw a boundary round that arbitrary power, whenever the wantonness of Satire would conceal calumny. But this quarrel will become more interesting, should it throw a new light on the character of one, whose originality of genius seems little suspected. CIBBER shewed a happy address in a very critical situation; and obtained an honourable triumph over the malice of a great genius, whom, while he complained of he admired, and almost loved the Cynic.

POPE, after several "flirts," as CIBBER calls them, from slight personal motives, which CIBBER has fully opened [A], at length

[A] JOHNSON says, that though "POPE attacked CIBBER with acrimony, the provocation is not easily discoverable." The statements of CIBBER,

from "peevish weakness," as Lord ORFORD has happily expressed it, closed his insults

while they have never been contradicted, shew sufficient motives to have excited the poetic irascibility. CIBBER's "fling" at the unowned and condemned comedy of the triumvirate of Wits, when he performed Bayes in the Rehearsal, incurred the immortal odium. There was no malice on CIBBER's side; for it was then the custom to restore the fading colours of that obsolete dramatic *tableau*, by introducing some allusions to any recent theatrical event: the deep contrivance of two lovers getting access to the wife of a virtuoso, "one curiously swathed up like an Egyptian mummy, and the other slily covered in the pasteboard skin of a crocodile," was surely an incident so *natural*, that it seemed congenial with the high imagination and the deep plot of a BAYES! Poor CIBBER, in the gaiety of his *impromptu*, made the "fling;" and, unluckily, it was applauded by the audience! The irascibility of POPE on that occasion too strongly authenticated one of the three authors. "In the swelling of his heart, after the play was over, he

by dethroning THEOBALD, and substituting CIBBER; but as he would not lose what he

came behind the scenes, with his lips pale and his voice trembling, to call me to account for the insult; and accordingly fell upon me with all the foul language that a Wit out of his senses could be capable of, choaked with the foam of his passion." CIBBER replied with dignity, and insisted on the privilege of the character, and therefore he would repeat the same jest as long as the public approved of it. POPE had certainly approved of CIBBER's manly conduct, had he not been the author himself. To this, we must add the reception the Town and the Court bestowed on CIBBER's "Nonjuror," a satire on the politics of the Jacobite faction; and POPE appears, under the assumed name of *Barnevelt*, to have published "an odd piece of wit, proving that the Nonjuror, in its design, its characters, and almost every scene of it, was a closely couched Jacobite libel against the Government." CIBBER adds, that "this was so shrewdly maintained, that I almost liked the jest myself." POPE seems to have been fond of this

had already written, this change disturbed the whole decorum of the satiric fiction. Things of opposite natures, joined into one, became the poetical Chimæra of Horace. The hero of the Dunciad is neither Theobald nor Cibber: POPE forced a dunce to look like CIBBER; but this was not making CIBBER a dunce. This error in POPE emboldened CIBBER in the contest, for he still insisted that the satire did not apply to him[B]; and humorously com-

new species of irony; for, in the Pastorals of Phillips, he shewed the same ingenuity, and he repeated the same charge of political mystery against his finest poem; for he proved by many "merry inuendoes," that 'The Rape of the Lock' was as audacious a libel, as the other pamphlet made out the Nonjuror.

[B] CIBBER did not obtrude himself in this contest. Had he been merely a poor vain creature, he had not preserved so long a silence. His good temper was without anger, but he remonstrates with no little dig-

pared the libel "to a purge with a wrong label," and POPE "to an apothecary who did not mind his business."

nity, when he chuses to be solemn; though to be playful was more natural to him. "If I have lain so long stoically silent, or unmindful of your satirical favours, it was not so much for want of a proper reply, as that I thought there never needed a public one; for all people of sense would know what truth or falsehood there was in what you said of me, without my wisely pointing it out to them. Nor did I choose to follow your example, of being so much a self-tormentor, as to be concerned at whatever opinion of me any published invective might infuse into people unknown to me. Even the malicious, though they may like the libel, don't always believe it." His reason for reply is, that his silence should not be further reproached "as a plain confession of my being a bankrupt in wit, if I don't immediately answer those bills of discredit you have drawn upon me." There is no doubt that CIBBER perpetually found instigators to encourage these attacks; and

CIBBER triumphed in the arduous conflict — though sometimes he felt, that like the Patriarch of old, he was wrestling, not with an equal, but one of celestial race, "and the hollow of his thigh was out of joint." Still, however, he triumphed, by that singular felicity of character, that inimitable *gaieté de cœur*, that honest simplicity of truth, from which flowed so warm an admiration of the genius of his adversary; and that exquisite *tact* in the characters of men, which carried down this child of airy humour to the verge of his ninetieth year, with all the enjoyments of strong animal spirits, and all that innocent egotism which became frequently a source

one forcible argument was, that "a disgrace, from such a pen, would stick upon me to posterity." He seems to be aware, that his acquaintance cheer him to the list "for their particular amusement."

of his own raillery [c]. He has applied to himself the epithet "Impenetrable," which was probably in the mind of JOHNSON when he noticed his "impenetrable impudence." A living Critic has charged him with "effrontery [D]:" and yet the

[c] ARMSTRONG, who was a keen observer of man, has expressed his uncommon delight in the company of CIBBER. "Besides his abilities as a writer, (as a writer of Comedies, Armstrong means) and the singular variety of his powers as an actor, he was to the last one of the most agreeable, cheerful, and best-humoured men you would ever wish to converse with."— Warton's Pope, Vol. iv. 160.

CIBBER was one of those rare beings, whose dispositions Hume describes "as preferable to an inheritance of 10,000*l.* a year."

[D] Dr. AIKIN, in his Biographical Dictionary, has thus written on CIBBER: "It cannot be doubted, that, at the time, the contest was more painful to Pope than to Cibber. But Pope's satire is immortal, whereas Cibber's sarcasms are no longer read.

truth may not be hit, though the archers are my masters. How often even judicious

Cibber may therefore be represented to future times with less credit for abilities than he really deserves; for he was certainly no dunce, though not, in the higher sense of the word, a man of genius. *His effrontery and vanity* could not be easily overcharged, even by a foe. Indeed, they are striking features in the portrait drawn by himself." We know that Dr. AIKIN's political morality is the fine-drawn essence of theoretical government. How often has he vented his indignation at the successful injustice of great power! Why should not the same spirit conduct him in the Literary Republic? With the just sentiments he has given on CIBBER, it was the duty of an intrepid Critic to raise a moral feeling against the despotism of Genius, and to have protested against the arbitrary power of POPE. It is participating in the injustice to pass it by, without even a regret at its effect.

As for CIBBER himself, he declares he was *not impudent,* and I am disposed to take his own word,

Critics admit too much of traditional opinion to run into their own! Pleasant is

for he *modestly* asserts this, in a remark on POPE's expression,

"Cibberian forehead,"

"by which I find you modestly mean *Cibberian impudence*, as a sample of the strongest.—Sir, your humble servant—but pray, Sir, in your 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot' (where, by the way, in your ample description of a great Poet, you slily hook in a whole hat-full of virtues to your own character) have not you this particular line?

"And thought a *Lie*, in verse or prose, the same—"

CIBBER laments it is not so, for "any accusation in smooth verse, will always sound well, though it is not tied down to have a tittle of truth in it, when the strongest defence in poor humble prose, not having that harmonious advantage, takes nobody by the ear—very hard upon an innocent man! For suppose in prose, now, I were as confidently to

the labour of acquiring information; but a more painful one is also necessary; that of correcting the knowledge we acquire: the one does not necessarily follow the other. For my part, I can almost believe that CIB-

insist that you were an *honest, good-natured, inoffensive creature,* would my barely saying so be any proof of it? No, sure. Why, then, might it not be supposed an equal truth, that both our assertions were equally false? *Yours,* when you call me *impudent; mine,* when I call you *modest,* &c. While my superiors suffer me occasionally to sit down with them, I hope it will be thought that rather the *Papal* than the *Cibberian* forehead ought to be out of countenance." I give this as a specimen of CIBBER's serious reasonings — they are poor; and they had been so from a greater genius; for ridicule and satire, being only a mere abuse of eloquence, can never be effectually opposed by truisms. Satire must be repelled by satire; and CIBBER's *sarcasms* obtained what CIBBER's *reasonings* failed in.

BER was a *modest man!* [E] most certainly a man of genius. CIBBER had lived a dissipa-

[E] Vain as CIBBER has been called, and vain as he affects to be, he has spoken of his own merits as a comic writer,—and he was a very great one,—with a manly moderation, very surprising indeed in a vain man. POPE has sung in his Dunciad, most harmoniously inhuman,

"How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A patch'd, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece;
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
Can make a CIBBER, *Johnson*, and *Ozell*.

Blasting as was this criticism, it could not raise the anger of the gay and careless CIBBER. Yet what could have put it to a sharper test? JOHNSON and OZELL are names which have long disappeared from the dramatic annals, and could only have been coupled with CIBBER to give an idea of what

ted life, and his philosophical indifference, with his careless gaiety, was the breast-plate which even the wit of POPE failed to pierce.

the Satirist meant by "the human genius of an ape." But hear the mild, yet the firm, tones of CIBBER — he talks like injured innocence, and he triumphs over POPE, in all the dignity of truth.—I appeal to CIBBER's posterity!

"And pray, Sir, why my name under this scurvy picture? I flatter myself, that if you had not put it there, nobody else would have thought it like me; nor can I easily believe that you yourself do: but perhaps you imagined it would be a laughing ornament to your verse, and had a mind to divert other people's spleen with it as well as your own. Now let me hold up my head a little, and then we shall see how the features hit me." He proceeds to relate, how "many of those plays have lived the longer for my meddling with them." He mentions several, which "had been dead to the stage out of all memory, which have since been in a constant course of acting above these thirty or forty years." And then

During twenty years persecution for his unlucky Odes, he never lost his temper: he would read to his friends the best things

he adds: "Do those altered plays at all take from the merit of those *more successful pieces*, which were *entirely my own?*—When a man is abused, he has a right to speak even laudable truths of himself, to confront his slanderer. Let me therefore add, that my first Comedy of *The Fool in Fashion* was as much (though not so valuable) an original, as any Work Mr. POPE himself has produced. It is now forty-seven years since its first appearance on the Stage, where it has kept its station, to this very day, without ever lying one winter dormant. Nine years after this, I brought on *The Careless Husband*, with still greater success; and was that too

'A patch'd, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new Piece?'

Let the many living spectators of these Plays, then, judge between us, whether the above verses came from the honesty of a Satirist, who would be thought, like you, the upright censor of mankind.

pointed against them, with all the spirit the authors could wish; and would himself write Epigrams, for the pleasure of hearing them repeated while sitting in coffee-houses; and whenever they were ap-

Sir, this Libel was below you! Satire, without truth, recoils upon its author, and must, at other times, render him suspected of prejudice, even where he may be just; as frauds, in Religion, make more Atheists than Converts; and the bad heart, Mr. POPE, that points an injury with verse, makes it the more unpardonable, as it is not the result of sudden passion, but of an indulged and slowly-meditating ill-nature. What a merry mixed mortal has Nature made you, that can debase that strength and excellence of Genius to the lowest human weakness, that of offering unprovoked injuries, at the hazard of your being ridiculous too, when the venom you spit falls short of your aim!" I have quoted largely, to shew that CIBBER was capable of exerting a dignified remonstrance, as well as pointing the lightest, yet keenest, shafts of sarcastic wit.

plauded as "Palpable hits!"—"Keen!"—"Things with a spirit in them!"—he enjoyed these attacks on himself by himself *. If this be vanity, it is at least "*Cibberian.*"

It was, indeed, the singularity of his personal character, which so long injured his genius, and laid him open to the perpetual attacks of his contemporaries, who were mean enough to ridicule undisguised foibles, but dared not be just to the redeeming virtues of his genius. Yet his genius far exceeded his literary frailties. He knew he was no poet, yet he would string wretched rhimes, even when not salaried for them; and once wrote an Essay on Cicero's character, for which his dotage was scarcely an apology;—so much he preferred amusement to prudence. An-

* Ayres's Memoirs of Pope, vol. ii. p. 82.

other foible was to act tragedies with a squeaking voice [F], and to write them

[F] With what good-humour he retorts a piece of sly malice of POPE's; who, in the Notes to the Dunciad, after quoting Jacob's account of Cibber's talents, adds: "Mr. Jacob omitted to remark, that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy."—To which Cibber rejoins: "Ay, Sir, and your remark has omitted, too, that (with all his commendations) I can't dance upon the rope, or make a saddle, nor play upon the organ. My dear, dear Mr. POPE, how could a man of your stinging capacity let so tame, so low a reflection, escape him? Why, this hardly rises above the pretty malice of Miss Molly. 'Aye, aye, you may think my sister as handsome as you please, but if you were to see her legs!'—— If I have made so many crowded theatres laugh, and in the right place too, for above forty years together, am I to make up the number of your Dunces, because I have not the equal talent of making them cry too? Make it your own case. Is what you have excelled in at all the worse, for your having so dis-

with a genius about the same size for the sublime; but the malice of his contem-

mally dabbled in the farce of 'Three Hours after Marriage?' — What mighty reason will the world have to laugh at my weakness in Tragedy, more than at yours in Comedy?"

I will preserve one anecdote of that felicity of temper, that undisturbed good-humour, which never abandoned Cibber in his most distressful moments. When he brought out, in 1724, his "Cæsar in Egypt," at a great expence, and "a beggarly account of empty boxes" was the result, it raised some altercations between the Poet and his brother Managers, the Bard still struggling for another and another night. At length he closed the quarrel with a pun, which confessed the misfortune, with his own good-humour. In a periodical publication of the times, I find the circumstance recorded in this neat Epigram:—

"*On the Sixth Night of* CIBBER'S '*Cæsar in Egypt.*'

"When the pack'd Audience from their posts retired,
And Julius in a general hiss expired;

poraries seemed to forget that he was creating new dramatic existences, in the exquisite personifications of his comic characters; and was producing some of our standard comedies, composed with such real genius, that they still support the reputation of the English Stage.

In the "Apology for his Life," Cibber had shewn himself a generous, and an ill-treated adversary, and at all times was

Sage BOOTH to CIBBER cried, 'Compute our gains!
These dogs of Egypt, and their dowdy Queans,
But ill requite these habits and these scenes,
To rob Corneille for such a motley piece:
His geese were swans; but zounds! thy swans are geese!'
Rubbing his firm invulnerable brow,
The Bard replied — 'The Critics must allow
'Twas ne'er in *Cæsar's destiny* TO RUN!'
WILKS bow'd, and bless'd the gay pacific pun."

prodigal of his eulogiums, even after the death of POPE; but, when remonstrance and good temper failed to sheathe with their oil the sharp sting of the Wasp, as his weakest talent was not the ludicrous, he then resolved to gain the laughers over, and has thrown POPE into a very ridiculous attitude[G]. The indelicate anecdote was

[G] A wicked wag of a Lord had enticed POPE into a tavern, and laid a love-plot against his health. CIBBER describes his resolute interference, by snatching "our little Homer by the heels. This was done for the honour of our Nation. Homer would have been too serious a sacrifice to our evening's amusement." He has metamorphosed our Apollo into a "Tom-tit;" but the Ovidian warmth, however ludicrous, will not *now* admit of a narrative. This story, by our Comic Writer, was accompanied by a print, that was seen by more persons, probably, than read the Dunciad. In his second letter, CIBBER, alluding to the vexation of POPE on this ridiculous

extorted from CIBBER by this insulting line of POPE's:—

"And has not COLLEY, too, his Lord and W——e?

It seems that POPE had once the same! But a ridiculous story, suited to the taste of the loungers, nettled POPE more than the keener remonstrances, and the honest truths, which CIBBER has urged. Those who write libels, invite imitation.

story, observes:—"To have been exposed as *a bad man*, ought to have given thee thrice the concern of being shewn a *ridiculous Lover*."—And now that he had discovered that he could touch the nerves of POPE, he throws out one of the most ludicrous analogies to the figure of our Bard:—"When crawling in thy dangerous deed of darkness, I gently, with a finger and a thumb, picked off thy small round body by thy long legs, like a spider making love in a cobweb."

Besides the two letters, this quarrel produced a moral trifle, or rather a philosophical curiosity, respecting his own character, stamped with the full impression of all its originality.

The title, so expressive of its design, and the whim and good-humour of the Work, which may be considered as a curious supplement to the "Apology for his Life," could scarcely have been imagined, and most certainly could not have been executed, but by the genius who dared it. I give the title in the Note [H]. It is a curious exemplification of what Shaftesbury

[H] "The EGOTIST, or *Colley* upon *Cibber;* being his own picture retouched, to so *plain* a likeness, that no one, *now*, would have the face to own it BUT HIMSELF.

'But one stroke more, and that shall be my last.'

DRYDEN.

London, 1743."

has so fancifully described as "self-inspection." This little Work is a conversation between "Mr. Frankly, and his old acquaintance, Colley Cibber." CIBBER had the spirit of making this Mr. Frankly speak the bitterest things against himself; and he must have been an attentive reader of all the keenest reproaches his enemies ever had thrown out. This caustic Censor is not a mere creature of parade, set up to be easily knocked down. He has as much vivacity and wit as CIBBER himself, and not seldom has the better of the argument. But the gravity and the levity blended in this little piece form admirable contrasts: and CIBBER, in this varied effusion, acquires all our esteem, for that openness of simplicity; that unalterable good-humour, which flowed from Nature; that fine spirit, that touches every thing

with life; yet, as he himself confesses, the main accusation of Mr. Frankly, that "his philosophical air will come out at last mere vanity in masquerade," may be true.

I will attempt to collect some specimens of this extraordinary production, because they harmonise with the design of the present Work, and afford principles, in regard to preserving an equability of temper, which may guide us in Literary Quarrels.

Frankly observes, on CIBBER's declaration that he is not uneasy at POPE's satire, that "no blockhead is so dull as not to be sore when he is called so; and (you'll excuse me) if that were to be your own case, why should we believe you would not be as uneasy at it as another blockhead?

Author.—This is pushing me pretty home indeed; but I wont give out. For as it is not at all inconceivable, that a blockhead of my

size may have a particular knack of doing some useful thing that might puzzle a wiser man to be master of, will not that blockhead still have something in him to be conceited of? If so, allow me but the vanity of supposing I may have had some such possible knack, and you will not wonder (though in many other points I may still be a blockhead) that I may, notwithstanding, be contented with my condition. ——

Frankly.—Is it not commendable, in a man of parts, to be warmly concerned for his reputation?

Author. — In what regards his honesty or honour, I will make some allowance; but for the reputation of his parts, not one tittle.

Frankly. — How! not to be concerned for what half the Learned World are in a continual war about?

Author. — So are another half about Religion; but neither Turk or Pope, swords or

anathemas, can alter Truth! There it stands! always visible to Reason, self-defended and immoveable! Whatever it *was*, or *is*, it ever *will be!* As no attack can alter, so no defence can add to its proportion.

Frankly. — At this rate, you pronounce all controversies in Wit to be either needless or impertinent.

Author. — When one in a hundred happens *not* to be so, or to make amends for being either by its pleasantry, we ought in justice to allow it a great rarity. A Reply to a just satire or criticism will seldom be thought better of.

Frankly. — May not a Reply be a good one?

Author. — Yes, but never absolutely necessary; for as your Work (or Reputation) must have been good or bad, before it was censured, your Reply to that censure could not alter it: it would still be but what it was.

If it was good, the attack could not hurt it; if bad, the Reply could not mend it [H].

[H] How many good authors might pursue their studies in quiet, would they never reply to their Critics, but on matters of fact, in which their honour may be involved. I have seen very tremendous Criticisms on some works of real genius, like serpents on marble columns, wind and dart about, and spit their froth, but they die away on the pillars that enabled them to erect their malignant forms to the public eye. They fall in due time; and weak must be the substance of that pillar, which does not stand, and look as beautiful, when the serpents have crawled over it, as before. Dr. BROWN, in his Letter to Bishop Lowth, has laid down an axiom in Literary Criticism: "*A mere literary attack*, however well or ill founded, would not easily have drawn me into a *public expostulation*; for every man's true literary character is best seen in his own writings. Critics may rail, disguise, insinuate, or pervert; yet still the object of their censures lies equally open to all the world.—Thus the World becomes a competent judge of the

Frankly. — But Slander is not always so impotent as you seem to suppose it; men of the best sense may be misled by it, or by their not enquiring after truth, may never come at it; and the Vulgar, as they are less apt to be good than ill natured, often mistake Malice for Wit, and have an uncharitable joy in commending it. Now, when this is the case, is not a tame silence, upon being satirically libelled, as liable to be thought guilt, or stupidity, as to be the result of innocence, or temper? — Self-defence is a very natural and just excuse for a Reply.

merits of the Work animadverted on. Hence the mere *Author* hath a fair chance for a fair decision, at least among the judicious; and it is of no mighty consequence what opinions the *injudicious* form concerning mental abilities. For this reason, I have never replied to any of those numerous Critics, who have on different occasions honoured me with their regard." P. 4.

Author. — Be it so! But still that does not always make it necessary; for though Slander, by their not weighing it, may pass upon some few people of sense for Truth, and might draw great numbers of the Vulgar into its party, the mischief can never be of long duration. *A satirical slander, that has no truth to support it, is only a great fish upon dry land: it may flounce and fling, and make a fretful pother, but it won't bite you; you need not knock it on the head; it will soon lie still, and die quietly of itself.*

Frankly. — The single-sheet Critics will find you employment.

Author. — Indeed they won't. I'm not so mad as to think myself a match for the invulnerable.

Frankly. — Have a care; there's Foulwit; though he can't feel, he can bite.

Author. — Aye, so will bugs and fleas; but that's only for sustenance: every thing must

feed, you know; and your creeping Critics are a sort of vermin, that if they could come to a king, would not spare him; yet, whenever they can persuade others to laugh at their jest upon me, I will honestly make one of the number; but I must ask their pardon, if that should be all the reply I can afford them ——."

This "boy of seventy odd," for such he was when he wrote "The Egotist," unfolds his character by many lively personal touches. He declares he could not have "given the world so finished a coxcomb as Lord Foppington, if he had not found a good deal of the same stuff in himself to make him with." He addresses "A Postscript, To those few unfortunate Readers and Writers who may not have more sense than the Author:" and he closes, in all the fullness of his spirit, with a piece of

consolation for those who are so cruelly attacked by superior genius.

" Let us then, Gentlemen, who have the misfortune to lie thus at the mercy of those whose natural parts happen to be stronger than our own; let us, I say, make the most of our sterility! Let us double and treble the ranks of our thickness, that we may form an impregnable phalanx, and stand every way in front to the enemy! or, would you still be liable to less hazard, lay but yourselves down, as I do, flat and quiet upon your faces, when Pride, Malice, Envy, Wit, or Prejudice, let fly their formidable shot at you, what odds is it they don't all whistle over your head? Thus, too, though we may want the artillery of missive wit, to make reprisals, we may at least, in security, bid them kiss the tails we have turned to them. Who knows but, by this our supine, or rather prone serenity, their disappointed valour may

become their own vexation? Or let us yet, at worst, but solidly stand our ground, like so many defensive stone posts, and we may defy the proudest Jehu of them all to drive over us. Thus, Gentlemen, you see that Insensibility is not without its comforts; and as I give you no worse advice than I have taken myself, and found my account in, I hope you will have the hardness to follow it, for your own good and the glory of

Your impenetrable humble Servant,

C. C."

After all, one may perceive, that though the good-humour of poor CIBBER was real, still the immortal satire of POPE had injured his higher feelings. He betrays his secret grief at his close, while he seems to be sporting with his pen; and though he appears to confide in the falsity of the Satire, as his best chance for saving him

from it, still he feels that the caustic ink of such a Satirist must blister and spot wherever it falls. The anger of WARBURTON, and the sternness of JOHNSON who seems always to have considered an Actor as an inferior being among Men of Genius, have degraded CIBBER. They never suspected, that a fine comic genius, "a blockhead of his size, could do what wiser men could not" — command a whole province in human nature.

POPE AND ADDISON.

POPE AND ADDISON.

The Quarrel between POPE *and* ADDISON *originated in one of the infirmities of Genius — a subject of enquiry even after their death, by Sir* WILLIAM BLACKSTONE — POPE *courts* ADDISON — *suspects* ADDISON *of jealousy* — ADDISON'S *foible, to be considered a great Poet* — *Interview between the Rivals, of which the result was the portrait of* ATTICUS, *for which* ADDISON *was made to sit.*

AMONG the Literary Quarrels of POPE, one acquires dignity and interest from the characters of both parties; it is that, which closed at length by producing the severest, but the most masterly portrait of one Man of Genius, composed by another, which

has ever been hung on the satiric Parnassus, for the contemplation of ages. ADDISON must descend to posterity with the dark spots of ATTICUS staining a purity of character which had nearly proved immaculate.

The friendship between POPE and ADDISON had been interrupted by one of the infirmities of Genius. Tempers of watchful delicacy gather up in silence and darkness motives so shadowy in their origin, and of such minute growth, that, never breaking out into any open act, they escape all other eyes but those of the parties themselves. These causes of enmity are too subtle to bear the touch; they cannot be inquired after, nor can they be described; and it may be said, that the minds of such men have rather quarrelled, than they themselves: they utter no complaints, but

they avoid each other. All the world perceived that two Authors of the finest genius had separated, from motives on which both were silent, but which had evidently operated with equal force on both. Their admirers were very general, and at a time when Literature divided with Politics, the public interest, the best feelings of the Nation were engaged in tracking the obscure commencements and the secret growth of this Literary Quarrel, in which the amiable and moral qualities of ADDISON, and the gratitude and honour of POPE, were equally involved. The friends of either party pretended, that their chiefs entertained a reciprocal regard for each other, while the illustrious characters themselves were living in a state of hostility. Even long after these literary heroes were departed, the same interest was general

among the lovers of literature; but those obscure motives which had only influenced two minds; those imperceptible events, which are only events as they are watched by the jealousy of genius, eluded the most anxious investigation. Yet so lasting and so powerful was the interest excited by this literary quarrel, that, within a few years, the elegant mind of Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE withdrew from the severity of profounder studies, to inquire into the causes of a quarrel, which was still exciting the most opposite opinions. BLACKSTONE has judged and summed up; but though he evidently inclines to favour ADDISON, by throwing into the balance some explanation for the silence of ADDISON against the audible complaints of POPE; though sometimes he pleads as well as judges, and infers as well as proves; yet even BLACK-

STONE has not taken on himself to deliver a decision. His happy genius has only honoured literary history by the masterly force and luminous arrangement of investigation, to which, since the time of Bayle, it has been too great a stranger [A].

At this day, removed from all personal influence and affections, and furnished with facts which contemporaries cannot command, we take no other concern in this literary quarrel, but as far as curiosity and truth delight us in the study of human nature. We are now of no party — we are only historians!

[A] Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE's discussion on the quarrel between ADDISON and POPE, was communicated by Dr. KIPPIS in his Biographia Britannica, vol. i. p. 56. BLACKSTONE is there designated as "a gentleman of considerable rank, to whom the public is obliged for works of much higher importance."

POPE was a young writer when introduced to ADDISON, by the intervention of that generously-minded friend of both, STEELE. ADDISON eulogised POPE's "Essay on Criticism;" and this fine genius covering with his wing an unfledged Bardling, conferred a favour which, in the estimation of a poet, claims a life of indelible gratitude.

POPE zealously courted ADDISON by his poetical aid on several important occasions; he gave all the dignity that fine poetry could confer on the science of Medals, which ADDISON had written on, and wrote the finest Prologue in the language, for the Whig tragedy of his friend. DENNIS attacked, and POPE defended, Cato [B].

[B] DENNIS asserts in one of his pamphlets, that POPE, fermenting with envy at the success of ADDISON's Cato, went to Lintot, and persuaded him to

ADDISON might have disapproved both of the manner and the matter of the defence; but he did more; he insulted POPE by a letter to DENNIS, which DENNIS eagerly published, as POPE's severest condemnation. An alienation of friendship must have already taken place, but by no overt act on POPE's side.

engage this redoubted Critic to write the Remarks on Cato—that POPE's gratitude for having complied with his request, was the narrative of DENNIS "being placed as a lunatic in the hands of Dr. Norris, a curer of mad people, at his house in Hatton-garden, though at the same time I appeared publicly every day, both in the park and in the town." Can we suppose that DENNIS tells a falsehood, respecting POPE's desiring Lintot to engage DENNIS to write down Cato? If true, did POPE wish to see ADDISON degraded, and at the same time take an opportunity of ridiculing the Critic, without, however, answering his arguments? The secret history of Literature is like that of Politics!

Not that, however, POPE had not found his affections weakened: the dark hints scattered in his letters, shew that something was gathering in his mind. WARBURTON, from his familiar intercourse with POPE, must be allowed to have known his literary concerns more than any one; and when he drew up the narrative *, seems to me to have stated uncouthly, but expressively, the progressive state of POPE's feelings. According to that narrative, POPE "reflected," that after he had first published "The Rape of the Lock," then nothing more than a hasty *jeu d'esprit*, when he communicated to ADDISON his very original project of the whole Sylphid machinery, ADDISON chilled the ardent Bard with his coldness, advised him against any alteration, and to leave it as "a deli-

* In the Notes to the Prologue to the Satires.

cious little thing, *merum sal.*" It was then, says WARBURTON, "Mr. POPE began to *open his eyes* to ADDISON's character." But when afterwards he discovered that TICKELL's Homer was opposed to his, and judged, as WARBURTON says, "by *laying many odd circumstances* together," that ADDISON [c], and not TICKELL, was the author—the alienation on POPE's side, this "opening his eyes," and "laying many odd circumstances together," was, perhaps, for some time concealed, but it secretly existed. No open breach had yet taken place between the rival authors, who, as jealous of dominion as two princes, would still demonstrate, in their public edicts, their inviolable regard; while they were only

[c] POPE's conjecture was perfectly correct. Dr. WARTON confirms it from a variety of indisputable authorities. Warton's Pope, vol. iv. p. 34.

watching the advantageous moment when they might take arms against each other.

Still ADDISON publicly bestowed great encomiums on POPE's Iliad, although he had himself composed the rival version, and in private preferred his own *. He did this with the same ease he had continued its encouragement while POPE was employed on it. We are astonished to discover such deep politics among literary Machiavels! ADDISON had certainly raised up a literary party. SHERIDAN, who wrote nearly with the knowledge of a contemporary, in his Life of Swift, would naturally use the language and the feelings of the time; and in describing AMBROSE PHILLIPS, he adds, he was "one of Mr. ADDISON's little senate."

But in this narrative I have dropped some material parts. POPE believed, that

* In the Freeholder, May, 1716.

ADDISON had employed GILDON to write against him, and of his encouraging PHILLIPS to asperse his character. We cannot, now, quite demonstrate these alleged facts; but we can shew that POPE believed them, and that ADDISON does not appear to have refuted them [D]. Such tales, whether

[D] The strongest parts of Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE's discussion turn on certain inaccurate dates of RUFFHEAD, in his statements, which shew them to be inconsistent with the times when they are alleged to have happened. These erroneous dates had been detected in an able article in the Monthly Review of that work, April, 1769. RUFFHEAD is a tasteless, confused, and unskilful writer — Sir William has laid great stress on the incredible story of ADDISON paying Gildon to write against POPE, "a man so amiable in his moral character." It is possible that the Earl of Warwick, who conveyed the information, might have been a malicious, lying youth; but then POPE had some knowledge of mankind — he believed

entirely false or partially true, may be considered in this inquiry of little amount. The greater events must regulate the lesser ones.

Was ADDISON, then, jealous of POPE? ADDISON, in every respect, then, his superior; of established literary fame when POPE was yet young; preceding him in age and rank; and fortunate in all the views of human ambition. But what if ADDISON's foible was that of being consi-

the story, for he wrote instantly, with honest though heated feelings, to ADDISON, and sent him, at that moment, the first sketch of the character of ATTICUS. ADDISON used him very civilly ever after — but it does not appear that ADDISON ever contradicted the tale of the officious Earl. All these facts, which POPE repeated many years after to SPENCE, Sir William was not acquainted with, for they were transcribed from Spence's papers by Johnson, after Blackstone had written.

dered a great Poet? His political poetry had raised him to an undue elevation, and the growing celebrity of POPE began to offend him, not with the appearance of a meek rival, with whom he might have held divided empire, but with a master-spirit, that was preparing to reign alone. It is certain that ADDISON was the most feeling man alive at the fate of his poetry. At the representation of his Cato, such was his agitation, that had Cato been condemned, the life of ADDISON might too have been shortened. When a Wit had burlesqued some lines of this dramatic poem, his uneasiness at the innocent banter was equally oppressive; nor could he rest, till, by the interposition of a friend, he prevailed upon the author to burn them *.

* From Lord Egmont's MS Collections. See the Addenda to Kippis's Biographia Britannica.

To the facts already detailed, and to this disposition in ADDISON's temper, and to the quick and active suspicions of POPE, irritable, and ambitious of all the sovereignty of Poetry, we may easily conceive many others of those obscure motives, and invisible events, which none but POPE, alienated every day more and more from his affections for ADDISON, too acutely perceived, too profoundly felt, and too unmercifully avenged. These are alluded to, when the Satirist sings,

Damn with faint praise; assent with civil leer;
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike, &c.

Accusations crowded faster than the pen could write them down. POPE never composed with more warmth. No one can imagine that ATTICUS was an ideal per-

sonage, touched as it is with all the features of an extraordinary individual. In a word, it was recognized instantly by the individual himself; and it was suppressed by POPE for near twenty years, before he suffered it to escape to the public.

It was some time during their avowed rupture, for the exact period has not been given, that their friends promoted a meeting of these two great men. After a mutual lustration, it was imagined they might have expiated their error, and have been restored to their original purity. The interview did take place between the rival Wits, and was productive of some very characteristic ebullitions, strongly corroborative of the facts, as they have been stated here. This extraordinary interview has been frequently alluded to. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of the narra-

tive; but I know not on what authority it came into the world [E].

[E] The earliest and most particular narrative of this remarkable interview, I have hitherto only traced to "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of A. Pope, Esq. by WILLIAM AYRE, Esq. 1745," vol. i. 100. This work comes in a very suspicious form; it is a huddled compilation, yet contains some curious matters, and pretends, in the title-page, to be occasionally drawn from "original MSS. and the testimonies of persons of honour." He declares in the preface, that he and his friends "had means, and some helps which were never public." He sometimes appeals to several noble friends of POPE for his authority. But the mode of its publication, and that of its execution, are not in its favour. These volumes were written within six months of the decease of our Poet; have no publisher's name; and yet the author, whoever he was, took out "a patent under his Majesty's royal signet," for securing the copyright. This AYRE is so obscure an author, though a translator of Tasso's Aminta, that he seems to have escaped even the minor chronicles of literature,

The interview between ADDISON and POPE, took place in the presence of STEELE

At the time of its publication there appeared "Remarks on Squire Ayre's Memoirs of Pope." The writer pretends he has discovered him to be only one of the renowned Edmund CURLL's "Squires," who about that time had created an order of Literary Squires, ready to tramp at the funeral of every great personage, with his Life. The "Remarker" then addresses CURLL, and insinuates he speaks from personal knowledge of the man.—"You have an Adversaria of Title-pages of your own contrivance, and which your authors are to write books to. Among what you call *the occasional, or black list,* I have seen Memoirs of Dean Swift, Pope, &c." CURLL, indeed, was then sending forth many pseudo 'Squires, with lives of Congreve, Mrs. Oldfield, &c. all which contain some curious particulars, picked up in coffee-houses, conversation, or pamphlets of the day. This William AYRE I accept as "a Squire of low degree," but a real personage. As for this interview, AYRE was certainly incompetent to the invention of a

and GAY. They met with cold civility. ADDISON's reserve wore away, as was usual with him, when wine and conversation imparted some warmth to his native phlegm. At a moment the generous STEELE deemed auspicious, he requested ADDISON would perform his promise in renewing his friendship with POPE. POPE expressed his desire: he said he was willing to hear his faults, and preferred candour and severity, rather than forms of complaisance; but he spoke in a manner, as conceiving ADDISON, and not himself, had been the aggressor. So much like their humblest inferiors do great men act, under the influence of

single stroke of the conversations detailed; where he obtained all these interesting particulars, I have not discovered. JOHNSON alludes to this interview, states some of its results, but refers to no other authority than floating rumours.

common passions. ADDISON was overcome with anger, which cost him an effort to suppress; but, in the formal speech he made, he reproached POPE with indulging a vanity that far exceeded his merit; that he had not yet attained to the excellence he imagined; and observed, that his verses had a different air when STEELE and himself corrected them; and, on this occasion, reminded POPE of a particular line which STEELE had improved in The Messiah [F].

[F] The line stood originally, and nearly literally copied from Isaiah,

"He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes;"

which Steele re-touched as it now stands,

"From every face he wipes off every tear."

Dr. Warton prefers the rejected verse. The latter, he thinks, has too much of modern quaintness. The difficulty of choice lies between that naked simplicity which scarcely affects, and those strokes of art which are too apparent.

ADDISON seems, at that moment, to have forgotten that he had trusted, for the last line of his own dramatic poem, rather to the inspiration of the Poet he was so contemptuously lecturing, than to his own. He proceeded, with detailing all the abuse the herd of scribblers had heaped on POPE; and declaring that his Homer was "an ill-executed thing," and Tickell's had all the spirit. We are told, he concluded "in a low hollow voice of feigned temper," in which he asserted, that he had ceased to be solicitous about his own poetical reputation, since he had entered into more public affairs; but from friendship for POPE, desired him to be more humble, if he wished to appear a better man to the world.

When ADDISON had quite finished schooling his little rebel, GAY, mild and

timid (for it seems, with all his love for POPE, his expectations from the Court from ADDISON's side, had tethered his gentle heart) attempted to say something. But POPE, in a tone far more spirited than all of them, without reserve, told ADDISON, that he appealed from his judgment, and did not esteem him able to correct his verses: upbraided him as a pensioner from early youth, directing the learning which had been obtained by the public money, to his own selfish desire of power, and that he "had always endeavoured to cuff down new-fledged merit." The conversation now became a contest, and was broken up without ceremony. Such was the notable interview between two rival wits, which only ended in strengthening their literary quarrel; and sent back the enraged Satirist to his ink-stand, where he com-

posed a portrait, for which ADDISON was made to sit, with the fine *chiar' oscuro* of Horace, and with as awful and vindictive features, as the sombre hand of Juvenal could have designed.

BOLINGBROKE'S AND MALLET'S

POSTHUMOUS QUARREL

WITH

POPE.

BOLINGBROKE'S AND MALLET'S

POSTHUMOUS QUARREL

WITH

POPE.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *affects violent resentment for* POPE'S *pretended breach of confidence in having printed his "Patriot King."* — WARBURTON'S *apology for* POPE'S *disinterested intentions.* — BOLINGBROKE *instigates* MALLET *to libel* POPE, *after the Poet's death.* — *The real motive for libelling* POPE *was* BOLINGBROKE'S *personal hatred of* WARBURTON, *for the ascendancy the latter had obtained over the Poet.* — *Some account of their rival conflicts.* — BOLINGBROKE *had unsettled* POPE'S *religious opinions, and* WARBURTON *had confirmed his faith.* — POPE, *however, refuses to abjure the Catholic religion.* — *Anecdote of* POPE'S *anxiety respecting a future state.* — MALLET'S

intercourse with POPE : *anecdote of "The Apollo Vision," where* MALLET *mistook a sarcasm for a compliment.*—MALLET'S *character.*—*Why* LEONIDAS GLOVER *declined writing the Life of Marlborough.*—BOLINGBROKE'S *character hit off.*—WARBURTON, *the concealed object of this posthumous Quarrel with* POPE.

ON the death of POPE, 1500 copies of one of Lord BOLINGBROKE'S works, "The Patriot King," were discovered to have been secretly printed by POPE, but never published. The honest printer presented the whole to his Lordship, who burnt the edition in his gardens at Battersea. The MS. had been delivered to our Poet by his Lordship, with a request to print a few copies for its better preservation, and for the use of a few friends.

BOLINGBROKE affected to feel the most lively resentment for what he chose to

stigmatise as "a breach of confidence." "His thirst of vengeance," says JOHNSON, "incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed MALLET, another friend of POPE, to tell the tale to the Public with all its aggravations. WARBURTON, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation," apologised for POPE. The irregular conduct which BOLINGBROKE stigmatised as a breach of trust, was attributed to a desire of perpetuating the work of his friend, who might have capriciously destroyed it. Our Poet could have no selfish motive; he could not gratify his vanity by publishing the work as his own, nor his avarice by its sale, which could never have taken place till the death

of its Author; a circumstance not likely to occur during POPE's life-time [A].

The vindictive rage of BOLINGBROKE; the bitter invective he permitted MALLET to publish, as the Editor of his Works; and the two anonymous pamphlets of the latter, which I have noticed in the article of WARBURTON; are effects much too disproportionate to the cause which is usually

[A] At the time, to season the tale for the babble of Literary Tatlers, it was propagated that POPE intended, on the death of BOLINGBROKE, to sell this Eighteen-penny Pamphlet at a guinea a copy; which would have produced an addition of as many hundreds to the thousands which the Poet had honourably reaped from his Homer. This was the ridiculous lie of the day, which lasted long enough to obtain its purpose, and to cast an odium on the shade of POPE. POPE must have been a miserable calculator of *Survivorships*, if ever he had reckoned on this.

assigned. JOHNSON does not develope the secret motives of what he has energetically termed "Bolingbroke's thirst of vengeance." He and MALLET carried their secret revenge beyond all bounds: the lordly Stoic and the irritated Bardling, under the cloak of anonymous calumny, have but ill concealed the malignity of their passions. Let anonymous calumniators recollect, in the midst of their dark work, that if they escape the detection of their contemporaries, their reputation, if they have any to lose, will not probably elude the researches of the historian; — a fatal witness against them at the tribunal of posterity.

The Preface of MALLET to the "Patriot King" of Bolingbroke, produced a Literary Quarrel; and more pamphlets than perhaps I have discovered, were published on this occasion.

Every lover of Literature was indignant, to observe that the vain and petulant MALLET, under the protection of POPE's

"Guide, Philosopher, and Friend!"

should have been permitted to have aspersed POPE with the most degrading language. POPE is here always designated as "This Man." Thus "*This Man* was no sooner dead, than Lord Bolingbroke received information, that an entire edition, of 1500 copies, of these papers had been printed; that this very *Man* had corrected the press," &c. Could one imagine that this was the Tully of England, describing our Virgil? For MALLET was but the mouth-piece of BOLINGBROKE.

After a careful detection of many facts concerning the parties now before us, I must attribute the concealed motive of

this outrage on POPE, to the election the dying Poet made of WARBURTON as his Editor. A mortal hatred raged between BOLINGBROKE and WARBURTON. The philosophical Lord had seen the mighty Theologian ravish the prey from his grasp; and that although POPE held in idolatrous veneration the genius of BOLINGBROKE, yet had his literary superstition been gradually enlightened by the energy of WARBURTON. They were his good and his evil genii, in a dreadful conflict, wrestling to obtain the entire possession of the soul of the mortal. BOLINGBROKE and WARBURTON one day disputed before POPE, and parted never to meet again. The will of POPE bears the trace of his divided feelings: he left his MSS. to BOLINGBROKE as his Executor, but his Works to WARBURTON as his Editor. The secret history

of BOLINGBROKE and WARBURTON with POPE is little known: the Note will supply it [B].

[B] Splendid as was the genius of BOLINGBROKE, the gigantic force of WARBURTON obtained the superiority. Had the contest solely depended on the effusions of Genius, BOLINGBROKE might have prevailed; but an object more important than human interests, induced the Poet to throw himself into the arms of WARBURTON.

The "Essay on Man" had been reformed by the subtile aid of WARBURTON, in opposition to the objectionable principles which BOLINGBROKE had infused into his system of Philosophy: this, no doubt, had vexed BOLINGBROKE. But another circumstance occurred of a more mortifying nature. When POPE, one day, shewed WARBURTON, BOLINGBROKE's "Letters on the Study and Use of History," printed, but not published, and concealing the name of the Author, WARBURTON not only made several very free strictures on that Work, but particularly attacked a digression concerning the authenticity of

But how did the puny MALLET stand connected with these great Men? By

the Old Testament. POPE requested him to write his remarks down as they had occurred, which he instantly did; and POPE was so satisfied with them, that he crossed out the digression in the printed book, and sent the animadversions to Lord BOLINGBROKE, then at Paris. The style of the great Dogmatist, thrown out in heat, must no doubt have contained many fiery particles, all which fell into the most inflammable of minds. POPE soon discovered his officiousness was received with indignation. Yet when BOLINGBROKE afterwards met WARBURTON, he dissimulated: he used the language of compliment, but in a tone which claimed homage. The two most arrogant geniuses who ever lived, in vain exacted submission from each other: they could allow of no divided empire, and they were born to hate each other. BOLINGBROKE suppressed his sore feelings, for at that very time he was employed in collecting matter to refute the objections; treasuring up his secret vengeance against POPE and

these pamphlets he appears to have enjoyed a more intimate intercourse than is known. He is characterised "as a fellow

WARBURTON, which he threw out immediately on the death of POPE. I collect these particulars from RUFFHEAD, who wrote under the eye of WARBURTON: so that whenever, in that Volume, WARBURTON's name is introduced, it must be considered as coming from himself.

The reasonings of BOLINGBROKE appear, at times, to have disturbed the religious faith of our Poet; and he owed much to WARBURTON, in having that faith confirmed. But POPE rejected, with his characteristic good sense, WARBURTON's tampering with him to abjure the Catholic Religion. On the belief of a Future State, POPE seems often to have meditated with great anxiety; and an anecdote is recorded of his latest hours, which shews how strongly that important belief affected him. A day or two before his death, he was at times delirious; and about four o'clock in the morning, he rose from bed, and went to the Library, where a friend, who was watching

who, while Mr. POPE lived, was as diligent in licking his feet, as he is now in licking your Lordship's; and who, for the sake of giving himself an air of importance, in being joined with you, and for the vanity of saying 'the Author and I,'—'the Editor and me,'—has sacrificed all his pretensions to friendship, honour, and humanity [c]."—

him found him busily writing. He persuaded him to desist, and withdrew the paper he had written. The subject of the thoughts of the delirious Poet was a new theory on the Immortality of the Soul; in which he distinguished between those material objects which tended to strengthen his conviction, and those which weakened it. The paper which contained these disordered thoughts was shewn to WARBURTON, and surely has been preserved.

[c] A Letter to the Lord Viscount B———ke, occasioned by his Treatment of a deceased Friend. Printed for A. Moore, without date.—This Pamphlet either came from WARBURTON himself, or from one of his intimates. The Writer, too, calls POPE his friend.

An Anecdote, in this Pamphlet, assigns a sufficient motive to excite some wrath in a much less irritable animal than the self-important Editor of BOLINGBROKE's Works. The Anecdote may be distinguished as,

THE APOLLO VISION.

"The Editor (MALLET) being in company with the person to whom Mr. POPE has consigned the care of his Works (WARBURTON), and who, he thought, had some intention of writing Mr. POPE's Life, told him he had an Anecdote, which he believed nobody knew but himself. I was sitting one day (said he) with Mr. POPE, in his last illness, who, coming suddenly out of a reverie, which you know he frequently fell into at that time, and fixing his eyes stedfastly upon me; 'Mr. M. (said he) I have had an odd kind of vision. Methought I saw my own head open, and

Apollo came out of it; I then saw your head open, and Apollo went into it; after which our heads closed up again.' The Gentleman (WARBURTON) could not help smiling at his vanity; and with some humour replied, 'Why, Sir, if I had an intention of writing *your* life, this might perhaps be a proper anecdote; but I don't see, that in Mr. POPE's it will be of any consequence at all.'" P. 14.

This exhibits a curious instance of an author's egotism, or rather of MALLET's conceit, contriving, by some means, to have his name slide into the projected Life of POPE by WARBURTON, who appears, however, always to have treated him with the contempt POPE himself evidently did [D]. What opinion could the

[D] We find also the name of MALLET closely connected with another person of eminence, the Patriot-Poet, LEONIDAS-GLOVER. I take this oppor-

Poet have entertained of the taste of that weak and vain Critic, who, when POPE

tunity of correcting a surmise of JOHNSON's, in his Life of MALLET, respecting GLOVER, and which also places MALLET's character in a true light

A minute Life of MALLET might exhibit a curious example of mediocrity of talent, with but suspicious virtues, brought forward by the accident of great connections, placing a bustling intriguer much higher in the scale of Society than "our Philosophy ever dreamt of." JOHNSON says of MALLET, that "It was remarkable of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend." —— From having been accidentally chosen as private Tutor to the Duke of MONTROSE, and winding himself into the favour of the party at Leicester-house, MALLET wrote tragedies conjointly with THOMSON, and was appointed, with GLOVER, to write the Life of the Duke of Marlborough. Yet he had already shewn to the world his scanty talent for Biography in his Life of Lord Bacon, on which WARBURTON so acutely animadverted.

published anonymously "The Essay on Man," being asked if any thing new had

According to JOHNSON's account, the Duchess of Marlborough assigned the task of writing the Life of the Duke to GLOVER and to MALLET, with a remuneration of a thousand pounds. She must however have mortified the Poets by subjoining the sarcastic prohibition, that "no verses should be inserted."—JOHNSON adds, "GLOVER, *I suppose, rejected with disdain, the Legacy*, and devolved the whole work upon MALLET."

The cause why GLOVER declined this work could not, indeed, be known to JOHNSON: it arose from a far more dignified motive, than the petty disdain of the legacy, which our great literary Biographer has surmised. It can now be told in his own words, for the first time, which I derive from the information of my friend Mr. R. DUPPA, who has favoured me with a very interesting extract from that portion of the MS Memoirs of GLOVER not yet published.

I shall first quote the remarkable codicil from the original Will of her Grace, which Mr. DUPPA took the

appeared, MALLET replied that he had looked over a thing called an "Essay on

pains to consult. She assigns her reasons for the choice of her historians, and discriminates between the two authors. After bequeathing the thousand pounds for them, she adds: "I believe Mr. GLOVER is a very honest man, who wishes, as I do, all the good that can happen, to preserve the Liberties and Laws of England. Mr. MALLET was recommended to me by the late Duke of Montrose, whom I admired extremely for his great steadiness and behaviour in all things that related to the preservation of our Laws and the Public Good."—Thus her Grace has expressed a personal knowledge and confidence in GLOVER, distinctly marked from her "recommended" acquaintance MALLET.

GLOVER refused the office of Historian, not from "disdain of the Legacy," nor for any deficient zeal for the Hero whom he admired. He refused it with sorrowful disappointment; for, besides the fantastical restrictions of "not writing any verses;" and the cruel one of yoking such a Patriot with the ser-

Man," but, discovering the utter want of skill and knowledge in the Author, had

vile MALLET, there was one which placed the revision of the Work into the hands of the Earl of CHESTERFIELD: this was the *circumstance* at which the dignified genius of GLOVER revolted. CHESTERFIELD's mean political character had excited his indignation; and he has drawn a lively picture of this polished Nobleman's "eager prostitution," in his printed Memoirs, recently published under the title of "Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character," p. 24.

The following passage, from a portion of these Memoirs, yet unpublished, alludes to his refusal of writing the Life of Marlborough. Here this great-minded man, for such he was, "unburthens his heart in a melancholy digression from his plain narrative."

"Composing such a Narrative (alluding to his own Memoirs) and endeavouring to establish such a temper of mind, I cannot at intervals refrain from regret that the *capricious restrictions* in the Duchess of Marlborough's will, appointing me to write the

thrown it aside. POPE mortified him by confiding to him the secret.

Life of her illustrious husband, compelled me to reject the undertaking. There, Conduct, Valour, and Success abroad; Prudence, Perseverance, Learning, and Science, at home; would have shed some portion of their graces on their historian's page: a mediocrity of talent would have felt an unwonted elevation in the bare attempt of transmitting so splendid a period to succeeding ages." Such was the dignified regret of GLOVER!

Doubtless, he disdained, too, his Colleague; but MALLET reaped the whole legacy, and still more, a pension: pretending to be always occupied on the Life of Marlborough, and every day talking of the great discoveries he had made, he contrived to make this non-entity serve his own purposes. Once hinting to Garrick, that, in spite of Chronology, by some secret device of anticipation, he had reserved a niche in this great Work for the Roscius of his own times, the gratitude of Garrick was instant. He then recollected that MALLET was a Tragedy-

"The Apollo Vision" was a stinging anecdote, and it came from WARBURTON writer; and it also appeared, that our dramatic Bardling had one just quite ready. As for the pretended Life of Marlborough, not a line appears ever to have been written!

Such was the end of the ardent solicitude and caprice of the Duchess of Marlborough, exemplified in the last solemn act of life, where she betrayed the same warmth of passion, and the same arrogant caprice she had always indulged, at the cost of her judgment, in what POPE emphatically terms "the trade of the world." She was

"The wisest Fool much time has ever made."

Even in this darling project of her last ambition, to immortalize her name, she had incumbered it with such arrogant injunctions, mixed up such contrary elements, that they were certain to undo their own purpose. — Such was the barren harvest she gathered through a life of passion, regulated by no principle of conduct. One of the most finished portraits of POPE is the *Atossa*, in his Epistle on

either directly or indirectly. This was followed up by "A Letter to the Editor of the Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, the Idea of a Patriot King," &c. a dignified remonstrance by WARBURTON himself; but, "The Impostor detected and convicted, or the Principles and Practices of the Author of the Spirit of Patriotism (Lord BOLINGBROKE), set forth in a clear light, in a Letter to a Member of Parliament in Town, from his Friend in the Country, 1749," is a remarkable production. Lord BOLINGBROKE is the Impostor, and the concealed Jacobite. Time, the ablest critic on these party productions, has verified the predictions of this Seer. We discover here, too, a literary fact,

Woman. How admirably he shews what the present instance proves, that she was one, who, always possessing the *means*, was sure to lose the *ends*.

which is necessary to complete our present history. It seems that there were omissions and corrections in the edition POPE printed of "The Patriot King," which his caution or his moderation prompted, and which such a political demagogue as BOLINGBROKE never forgave. They are thus alluded to: "Lord B. may remember" (from a conversation held, at which the Writer appears to have been present), "that a difference in opinion prevailed, and a few points were urged by that Gentleman (POPE) in opposition to some particular tenets which related to the limitation of the English Monarchy, and to the ideal doctrine of a Patriot King. These were Mr. P.'s reasons for the emendations he made; and which, together with the consideration, that both their lives were at that time in a declining state, was the true

cause, and no other, of his care to preserve those letters, by handing them to the Press, with the precaution mentioned by the Author." Indeed the cry raised against the *dead man*, by BOLINGBROKE and MALLET, was an artificial one: that it should ever have tainted the honour of the Bard, or that it should ever have been suffered by his "Philosopher and Friend," are equally strange; and it is possible, that the malice of MALLET was more at work than that of BOLINGBROKE, who suffered himself to be the dupe of a man held in contempt by POPE, by WARBURTON, and by others. But the pamphlet I have just noticed might have enraged BOLINGBROKE, because his true character is ably drawn. There is a passage where the Writer says, that "a person in an eminent station of life abroad, when Lord B——— was at

Paris, to transact a certain affair, said—*C'est certainement un homme d'esprit, mais un coquin sans probité.*" This was a very disagreeable truth!

In one of these pamphlets, too, BOLINGBROKE was mortified, at his dignity being lessened by the Writer, in comparing his Lordship with their late friend POPE. — " I venture to foretell, that the name of Mr. POPE, in spite of your unmanly endeavours, shall revive and blossom in the dust, from his own merits; and presume to remind you, that *yours*, had it not been for *his* genius, *his* friendship, *his* idolatrous veneration for *you*, might, in a short course of years, have died and been forgotten." Whatever the degree of genius BOLINGBROKE may claim, doubtless the verse of POPE has embalmed his fame.—I have never been able to discover the authors of these pamphlets,

who all appear of the first rank, and who seem to have written under the eye of WARBURTON. The awful and vindictive BOLINGBROKE, and the malignant and petulant MALLET, did not long brood over their anger: he, or they, gave it vent on the head of WARBURTON, in those two furious pamphlets, which I have noticed in the Quarrels of WARBURTON, p. 119. All these pamphlets were published in the same year, 1749, so that it is now difficult to arrange them according to their priority. Enough has been shewn to prove, that the loud outcry of BOLINGBROKE and MALLET, in their posthumous attack on POPE, arose from their unforgiving malice against him, for the preference by which the Poet had distinguished WARBURTON; and that WARBURTON, much more than POPE, was the real object of this masked battery.

APPENDIX.

SINCE I have closed the "Miscellaneous Quarrels of POPE," an odd sort of a literary curiosity has fallen in my way. It throws some light on the history of the heroes of the Dunciad; but such *minutiæ literariæ* are only for my bibliographical Readers.

It is a book of accounts, which belonged to the renowned BERNARD LINTOT the bookseller, whose character has been so humorously preserved by POPE, in a dialogue which the Poet has given as having passed between them in Windsor Forest.

The Book is entitled "*Copies, when Purchased.*" The power of genius is exemplified in the ledger of the Bookseller, as much as in any other book; and while I here discover, that the moneys received even by such men of genius as GAY, FARQUHAR, CIBBER, and Dr. KING, amount to small sums, and such authors as DENNIS, THEOBALD, OZELL, and TOLAND, scarcely amount to any thing, that of POPE much exceeds 4000*l.*

I am not in all cases confident of the nature of these "Copies purchased;" those works which were originally published by LINTOT, may be considered as purchased at the sums specified: some few might have been subsequent to their first edition. The guinea, at that time, passing for 21 shillings and sixpence, has occasioned the fractions.

I transcribe POPE's account. Here it appears that he sold "The Key to the Lock" and "Parnell's Poems." The Poem entitled "To the Author of a Poem called *Successio*," appears to have been written by POPE, and seems to have escaped the researches of his Editors. The smaller Poems were contributions to a volume of Poetical Miscellanies, published by Lintot*.

MR. POPE.

19 Feb. 1711-12.	£.	s.	d.
Statius, First Book ..... } Vertumnus and Pomona ..... }	16	2	6

* Mr. NICHOLS has obliged me by supplying the title — "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations, by several Hands, 1712." — The second Edition appeared in 1714; and in the title-page are enumerated the Poems mentioned in this account; and POPE's name affixed, as if he were the actual Editor; — an idea (adds Mr. NICHOLS) which he affected to discountenance. It is probable that POPE was the Editor. We see, by this account, that he was paid for his Contributions.

21 March, 1711-12.			
First Edition Rape	7	0	0
9 April, 1712.			
To a Lady presenting Voiture..... Upon Silence..... To the Author of a Poem called *Successio*	3	16	6
23 Feb. 1712-13.			
Windsor Forest	32	5	0
23 July, 1713.			
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	15	0	0
20 Feb. 1713-14.			
Additions to the Rape	15	0	0
1 Feb. 1714-15.			
Temple of Fame	32	5	0
31 April, 1715.			
Key to the Lock	10	15	0
17 July, 1716.			
Essay on Criticism*	15	0	0
13 Dec. 1721.			
Parnell's Poems	15	0	0
23 March, 1713.			
Homer, vol. I.	215	0	0
650 books on royal paper	176	0	0
9 Feb. 1715-16.			
Homer, vol. II.	215	0	0
7 May, 1716.			
650 royal paper	150	0	0
This Article is repeated to the Sixth vol. of Homer. To which is to be added, another Sum of £. 840. paid			

* This was a new Edition, published conjointly by LINTOT, and LEWIS the Catholic Bookseller and early friend of POPE, of whom, and of the first Edition, 1711, I have preserved an Anecdote, p. 145, of this Volume.

for an assignment of all the Copies. The whole of this part of the Account amounting to	3203	4	0
Copy-moneys for the Odyssey, vol. I. II. III. and 750 of each vol. royal paper, 4to...	615	6	0
Ditto for the volumes IV. V. and 750 do.	425	18	7½
	£. 4244	8	7½

MR. GAY.

12 May, 1713.	£.	s.	d.
Wife of Bath	25	0	0
11 Nov. 1714.			
Letter to a Lady	5	7	6
14 Feb. 1714.			
The What d'ye call it.	16	2	6
22 Dec. 1715.			
Trivia	43	0	0
Epistle to the Earl of Burlington	10	15	0
4 May 1717.			
Battle of the Frogs	16	2	6
8 Jan. 1717.			
Three Hours after Marriage	43	2	6
The Mohocks, a Farce, £.2. 10s. (Sold the Mohocks to him again *.)			
Revival of the Wife of Bath	75	0	0
	£. 234	10	0

* The late ISAAC REED, in the Biog. Dramatica, was uncertain whether GAY was the Author of this unacted Drama. It is a satire on the inhuman frolics of the bucks and bloods of those days, who imitated the savageness of the Indians, whose name they assumed. Why GAY repurchased "the Mohocks," remains to be discovered. Was it another joint production with

MR. DENNIS.

	£.	s.	d.
Feb. 24, 1703-4.			
Liberty Asserted, one half share*.....	7	3	0
10 Nov. 1708.			
Appius and Virginia.....	21	10	0
25 April 1711.			
Essay on Public Spirit.....	2	12	6
6 Jan. 1711.			
Remarks on Pope's Essay.....	2	12	6

POPE?—The literary co-partnership between POPE and GAY, has never been opened to the Curious. It is probable that POPE was consulted, if not concerned in writing the "What d'ye call it?" which, JACOB says in his "Poetical Register," "exposes several of our eminent Poets." JACOB published while GAY was living, and seems to allude to this literary co-partnership; for, speaking of GAY, he says: "that having an inclination to Poetry, by the strength of his own genius, and the *conversation* of Mr. POPE, he has made some progress in poetical writings."

This tragi-comical farce of "The Mohocks" is satirically dedicated to DENNIS, "as a *horrid* and *tremendous* piece, formed on the model of his own *Appius* and *Virginia*." This touch seems to come from the finger of POPE. It is a mock-tragedy, for the Mohocks themselves rant in blank-verse; a feeble performance, far inferior to its happier predecessor, "The What d'ye call it?"

* Bought of Mr. George Strahan, bookseller.

DENNIS must have sold himself to Criticism from ill-nature, and not for pay. One is surprised that his two Tragedies should have been worth a great deal more than his Criticism. Criticism was then worth no more than too frequently it deserves; Dr. SEWEL, for his "Observations on the Tragedy of Jane Shore," received only a Guinea.

At p. 152. of this Volume, I have suggested a doubt whether THEOBALD attempted to translate from the original Greek: one would suppose he did, by the following Entry, which has a line drawn through it, as if the Agreement had not been executed. Perhaps LINTOT submitted to pay THEOBALD for *not doing* the Odyssey, when POPE undertook it.

Mr. THEOBALD.

23 May, 1713.	£.	s.	d.
Plato's Phædon	5	7	6
For *Æsculus's* Trag. being part of Ten Guineas.	1	1	6
12 June, 1714.			
La Motte's Homer	3	4	6

April 21, 1714. Articles signed by Mr. Theobald, to translate for B. Lintot the 24 Books of Homer's Odyssey into English blank verse. Also the four Tragedies of Sophocles, called Œdipus Tyrannus, Œdipus Coloneus, Trachiniæ, and Philoctetes, into English blank verse, with Explanatory Notes to the twenty-four Books of the Odyssey, and to the four Tragedies. To receive, for translating every 450 Greek verses, with Explanatory Notes thereon, the sum of £.2. 10.

To translate likewise the Satires and Epistles of Horace into English rhyme. For every 120 Latin lines so translated, the sum of £. 1. 1*s*. 6*d*.

These Articles to be performed, according to the time specified, under the penalty of fifty pounds, payable by either party's default in performance.

Paid in hand, £.2. 10*s*.

It appears that TOLAND never got above £.5. £10. or £.20. for his Publications. See his article in "Calamities of Authors," vol. ii. p. 140. I discovered the humiliating conditions that attended his publications, from an examination of his original papers. All, this Author seems to have reaped from a life devoted to literary enterprise and philosophy, and patriotism, appears not to have exceeded £.200!

Here, too, we find, that the facetious Dr. KING threw away all his sterling wit for five miserable pounds, though "The Art of Cookery," and that of "Love," obtained a more honourable price. But a mere School-book, probably, inspired our lively Genius with more real facetiousness, than any of those works which communicate so much to others.

DR. KING.

18 Feb. 1707-8.			
Paid for Art of Cookery	32	5	0
16 Feb. 1708-9.			
Paid for the First Part of Transactions	5	0	0
Paid for his Art of Love	32	5	0
23 June, 1709.			
Paid for the 2d Part of the Transactions*	5	0	0
4 March, 1709-10.			
Paid for the History of Cajamai	5	0	0
10 Nov. 1710.			
Paid for King's Gods	50	0	0
1 July, 1712.			
Useful Miscellany, Part I.	1	1	6
Paid for the Useful Miscellany	3	0	0

LINTOT utters a groan over "The Duke of Buckingham's Works" (SHEFFIELD), for "having been *jockeyed* of them by Alderman Barber and Tonson." Who can ensure literary celebrity? No bookseller would *now* regret being *jockeyed* out of his Grace's Works!

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* For an account of these humorous Pieces, see vol. ii. p. 74, of the present Work.

The History of Plays appears here somewhat curious: Tragedies, then the fashionable Dramas, obtained a considerable price; for though DENNIS's luckier one reached only to £.21., Dr. YOUNG's Busiris acquired £.84. SMITH's Phædra and Hippolytus, £.50; Rowe's Jane Shore, £.50. 15*s.*; and Jane Gray, £.75. 5*s.* CIBBER's Nonjuror obtained £.105. for the copy-right.

Is it not a little mortifying to observe, that among all these Customers of Genius, whose names enrich the Ledger of the Bookseller, JACOB, that "blunderbuss of Law," while his Law-books occupy in space as much as Mr. POPE's Works, the amount of his account stands next in value, far beyond many a name which has immortalized itself!

ADDENDUM.

SINCE this Appendix has passed the Press, I have obtained the first Edition of Lintot's "Miscellaneous Poems." The anonymous lines "To the Author of a Poem called *Successio*," appear to be a literary satire by POPE, written when he had scarcely attained his fourteenth year. This Satire, the first, probably, he wrote for the Press, and in which he has succeeded so well, that it might have induced him to pursue the bent of his genius, merits preservation. The juvenile composition bears the marks of his future excellencies: it has the tune of his verse, and the images of his wit. Thirty years afterwards, when occupied by the DUNCIAD,

he transplanted and pruned again some of the original images.

The hero of this Satire is ELKANAH SETTLE. The subject is, one of those Whig Poems, designed to celebrate the happiness of an uninterrupted "Succession" in the Crown, at the time the Act of Settlement passed, which transferred it to the Hanoverian line. The rhimer, and his theme, were equally contemptible to the juvenile Jacobite Poet.

The hoarse and voluminous CODRUS of Juvenal aptly designates this eternal verse-maker;—one who has written with such constant copiousness, that no bibliographer has presumed to form a complete list of his works *.

* The fullest account we have of SETTLE, a busy scribe in his day, is in Mr. NICHOLS's Lit. Anec. Vol. i. 41.

When SETTLE had outlived his temporary rivalship with Dryden, and was reduced to mere SETTLE, he published party-poems, in folio, composed in Latin, accompanied by his own translations. — These folio Poems, uniformly bound, except that the arms of his patrons, or rather his purchasers, richly gilt, emblazon the black Morocco, may still be found. These presentation-copies were sent round to the Chiefs of the Party, with a mendicant's petition, of which some still exist. To have a clear conception of the *present views* of some Politicians, it is necessary to read their history backwards. In 1702, when SETTLE published *Successio*, he must have been a Whig. In 1685 he was a Tory, commemorating, by an heroic poem, the coronation of James II. and writing periodically against the Whigs. In 1680,

he had left the Tories for the Whigs, and conducted the whole management of burning the Pope, then a very solemn national ceremony. A Whig, a Pope-burner, and a Codrus, afforded a full draught of inspiration to the nascent genius of our youthful Satirist.

SETTLE, in his latter state of wretchedness, had one standard *Elegy* and *Epithalamium* printed off with *blanks*. By the ingenious contrivance of inserting the name of any considerable person who died, or was married, no one, who had gone out of the world, or was entering into it, but was equally welcome, to this dinnerless livery-man of the draggle-tailed Muses. I have elsewhere noticed his last exit from this state of Poetry and of Pauperism; when, leaping into a green dragon, which his own creative genius had

invented, in a theatrical booth, CODRUS, in hissing flames and terrifying Morocco folds, discovered "the fate of talents misapplied!"

TO
THE AUTHOR OF A POEM
INTITLED
SUCCESSIO.

BEGONE, ye Critics, and restrain your spite;
CODRUS writes on, and will for ever write.
The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on*.
What tho' no bees around your cradle flew
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead,
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.

* Thus altered in the Dunciad, Book i. v. 183.

"As clocks to weight their nimble motions owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below."

When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling
lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you, and admire.
Wit past thro' thee no longer is the same,
As meat digested takes a different name *;
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou may'st rise, and in thy daring flight
(Tho' ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous
height:

* Of this original image, as it appears to me, it is remarkable, that a late caustic Wit, who probably had never read this Poem, employed it on a certain occasion. An Author now living, who has distinguished himself by his genius and by some hardy paradoxes, was pleading for them as hardily, by shewing that they did not originate in him: they were to be found in HELVETIUS, in ROUSSEAU, and in other modern Philosophers. "Ay," retorted the Cynical Wit; "so you eat at my table venison and turtle, but from you the same things come quite changed!"

So, forced from engines, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs move nimbly thro' the sky *.
Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,
And CHÆRILUS † taught CODRUS to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needless labour, and contend no more
To prove a *dull Succession* to be true,
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

* Thus altered in the Dunciad, Book i. v. 181.

" As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky."

† Perhaps, by *Charilus*, the juvenile Satirist designed *Flecknoe*, or *Shadwell*, who had received their immortality of dullness from his master Catholic in poetry and opinions DRYDEN.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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